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A RAINY DAY.

BY C. G.

From leaden clouds there streams incessant rain,
That blights the budding branches overhead;
The sodden violets all their fragrance shed—
Weep, weary for the sunshine's smile again.
No gay bird-wooers trill a tender strain;
The woods are still; the windflower's petals shed;
And fresh-sown fields around look bare and dead,
Till warmth will come to wake the sleeping grain.

But kindly sunshine lights this little room,
For Love makes summer in my heart to-day;
What though the outer world be chilled and gray?
Within these walls there breaks a starry bloom
Of snowy blossoms, shining through the gloom—
My darling's message, sent from far away.

The Love That Lives.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HER FATHER'S SIN," "A CAPITAL CHARGE," "ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

IN spite of the severe cold, the door of the dwelling stood wide open. Looking inside, I could see the whole length of a large wide hall, in which children of all sizes and ages literally swarmed, screaming and chattering at the top of their most unmelodious voices, like so many monkeys. All of them were clean, well-dressed, and tidy. But manners they had done, as I soon discovered; for, as I entered the porch, the unruly mob made a rush in my direction. A few seconds later I found myself the centre of the large and, I trust, admiring crowd.

"Does anybody know if Mary Smith is at home?" I said to the staring little imps. No adult was in sight, and of knocker or door-bell there was not a sign.

The children grinned and nudged each other; but my question was not answered. A brilliant idea struck me. Feeling in my pocket, I produced a quarter-dollar.

"I'll give that to the boy who fetches Mary Smith to me at once," I cried; then, to the children who had not rushed off upon my errand, "For goodness sake, urchins, do get a little farther away!"

"Mary Smith—Mary Smith!"

I could hear the name echoing all through the wretched-looking abode. Then there was a lull, probably when the fact of my appearance was announced. At this point therefore I threw ceremony to the winds, and stepped inside the entrance. Mary should not elude me now!

From a door at the far end of the corridor the children poured, with a tall slim figure in their midst. No fear that she would escape at this rate! Small fingers were clutching at her hands, her skirts, her sleeves, pulling and pushing her towards me.

I went forward and raised my hat, at the same time bestowing the promised reward upon the most active of the youngsters.

"Miss Mary Smith?" I said.

The girl raised a pair of such melancholy innocent dark eyes that I nearly started.

"Yes, sir; I am Mary Smith."

Her tone was almost as refined as her face, which was pale-complexioned and oval—attractive enough, although neither pretty nor beautiful.

"And Miss Richardson's late servant?"

The girl colored; but the fearless eyes did not droop.

"Yes, sir. Have you—oh, have you come from England?"

The truth as to my nationality seemed but just to have dawned upon her. She took two eager steps forward and then paused, clasping her hands.

In the momentary silence that ensued a fresh actor appeared upon the scene.

"Mary Smith, what's all this about? Who's your friend? Interdooce him to me, I beg."

The new-comer, a tall strong-looking female, with "virago" writ large across her sour visage, had entered from the porch behind me.

I turned and bowed.

"That is more, I fear, than is in Mary Smith's power," I answered, speaking as pleasantly as I could. "Let me perform the ceremony myself. My name is 'Fergusson.'" I kept an eye upon Mary, but could perceive no change in her face or manner as I pronounced my name. "And you are——"

"Mrs. Uriah D. Young," the woman announced, with a sweeping curtsey that all but made me laugh. "I am the chief wife, mister, and the head of the family"—with a comprehensive sweep of the arm. "The rest of 'm haven't no legal standing at all, only Ury likes them; so why should I object?"

"Why indeed?"

I was aware that this was but a feeble response to such a speech. But, in honest truth, I felt feeble! I was almost breathless with astonishment.

"So these ladies is two others of Ury's spiritual partners"—indicating a couple of slatterns who were just emerging from a room near at hand.

"We're all good friends enough we are, and no Gentiles amongst us. What may be your business with us, mi

I shrugged my shoulders.

"As Mr. Young is not at home——"

"Up country—been there ever since the end of the fall—won't be back yet a while!" interrupted one of the latest arrivals.

"Thank you. Then, in his absence, I should be glad of a few minutes' private conversation with Miss Smith."

I had no difficulty now in estimating that unfortunate girl's chances of happiness, at any rate until the absent bridegroom's return. At once three noses were raised a trifle higher even than nature had intended, while three voices rose in shrill expostulation with me, and abuse of the undesired "Gentile" importation. "She's only bin har three days. What's to do with her, mister?" "That minx!" "The artful cat to 'tice a boss from England after her!" were a few of the mildest sentences.

The children too, by this time tired of playing a silent part in the affair, began to join in the chorus. And my patience, never the most prominent of my virtues, suddenly yielded to the strain.

"Come outside," I muttered to Mary.

And, without hesitation, she led the way out into the street. Then she paused to scan my face once more with her beautiful sad eyes.

"What is it that you want with me, sir?" she said. "Is it true that you have followed me from England as—as that woman said?"

"If you will answer one or two questions first, I will tell you all that you want to hear. Let us walk towards the river. It is chilly standing still."

The weather was wintry in the extreme. Only the utter absence of wind rendered it at all endurable, although here and there rays of golden sunlight flecked the landscape.

Mary turned in the direction I had pointed out, the road which promised the best chance of uninterrupted conversation. For some minutes we walked together in silence. Then, suddenly, I said—

"What made you kill Miss Richardson, Mary Smith? And where are the jewels that you stole?"

"Sir?"

The exclamation was almost a shriek. The girl staggered backwards, her countenance, turning deathly pale. It had been a cruel experiment; but my purpose was achieved. If that pallid face and those startled eyes did not indicate innocence, then my experience of the seamy side of life goes for nothing!

Still I repeated the inquiry, even more slowly and sternly than before. I wanted to hear how Mary would rebut the charge.

"What made you kill Miss Richardson? And what have you done with her jewels?"

The girl wrung her thin hands; then, covering her face with them, she burst her tears.

"Oh, why was I ever born?" she wailed. "Is there no peace or happiness for me this side the grave?"

The abject despair of her tone and attitude touched me; but, before I could speak, she began again.

"Sir, I never saw you before! I don't know who you are or by what right you speak to me thus; but I am going to tell you all that I can of my life. Then you can judge for yourself as to whether you do well or not to torment me by such an accusation."

She dashed the tears from her worn cheeks, straightened the neat sailor-hat and the shawl that she had put on hurriedly as we came out, and resumed the saunt ering pace at which we had been walking before my inquiry brought her, to a stand-still.

"I have never known either father or mother," she said, speaking quite calmly and collectedly now. "Who they were I have not an idea—probably people in a good position, for until I was eleven years old I was at a school, really a thorough ladies' school, near London. Who first put me there, who paid my fees, I cannot say; indeed no one can. For at that time, just nine years ago now, my governess died. With her life departed the only clue to my parentage."

Sobs interrupted the girl's story; after a moment however she recovered herself.

"The other girls went home at once, on the day that Miss Overton dropped dead of heart-disease; I had no home to which to go. Amongst all Miss Overton's papers not a single scrap was found which related to myself. And the executor, a grim old lawyer, declared that there was but one course open to him. He happened to possess the right of nomination to a pauper orphanage in Somersetshire. And he nominated me!"

Mary looked again into my eyes, as if pleading for pity.

"Fancy it, sir! A sensitive girl, brought up in comfort amongst other girls—ladies—to be thrown suddenly into the midst of six or seven hundred children who had been accustomed to all sorts of roughness and hardship from babyhood! I wonder it did not kill me."

So did I, as I saw the agony that even the remembrance called into her eyes.

"However, I lived. They taught me how to be useful in a house, and I rapidly forgot most of the knowledge gained from books while at Miss Overton's. At last I recollected only how to speak and write properly. And that was just nature; for I was never clever, you know"—with a pathetic quaver in the clear voice. "When I was seventeen they found me a situation and sent me to service; and for three years I lived at Oldcourt Manor, during which time scarcely a kind word fell upon my ears from one month's end to another."

"Poor thing!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"Ah, you are sorry! Still you do not understand the worst yet," the girl cried. "It was about a year ago, when I had been two years in Miss Richardson's service, that I met a man in the village where I used to go on errands. He was an American, and was lodging at the inn; and from him, at last, I learned what sympathy meant. Was it any wonder, sir, that he seemed to me as an angel sent from Heaven to comfort me?"

I did not speak. Surprise at her language and manner, interest in her story, and perhaps sympathy, of which she had known so little, kept me silent.

"He was old enough to be my father, and I grew to love him as such. Of marrying him I had never had a thought, until one day when he met me down by the brook and asked me to be his wife."

"And he was this fellow Young?" I exclaimed, almost incredulously.

My companion nodded.

"Yes, sir. I ought to own that he was candid with me; he told me that he was a Mormon and already married. But he said that his religion allowed all that, and that I should soon see as he did regarding the matter. He promised that I should be welcomed by all the family, assuring me that jealousy was unknown amongst them. Then he told me to think the matter well over, and let him have an answer by the next day."

Again she paused; for so long now that I tried to prompt her.

"And did you?"

"No, sir"—sighing heavily—"for he was recalled to America that night. I did not understand then, and I don't know now what was his business at Titford. Sometimes I think he was a Mormon missionary, though Titford was a queer place to choose for the work. However, as I say, he left at last; and I did not much care when I heard of his departure. I had made up my mind to say 'No' to his proposal of marriage; for, sir, how could I have borne all things that would have been said if people had heard that I was going to accept a Mormon, a man with other wives already? Afterwards though I began to miss him, and life seemed to grow harder. Then a letter came, imploring me to follow him and enclosing money for the journey. The sight of the kind words in the letter settled the matter. What did it concern any one whom I married? I would do as I liked. So I wrote to him that Sunday, the last before I started; I told him that I would do as he wished."

"And you dropped the letter in Titford," I added, with a smile.

The apathetic misery of the girl's face seemed, if possible, to increase.

"Yes! Something always does go wrong with my plans. I dropped the letter! I was determined that nobody should get a hint as to my purpose, or be able to say cruel words to me. So I stole away, like a thief, in the early morning. I even changed clothes with a scarecrow in the fields, so that no one should recognize me and ask me questions. It was a foolish fear. But then I am so often foolish! And, after all my precautions, I dropped the letter!"

She gave a sigh so long and weary that it might have moved a heart of stone.

"That's all sir!" she resumed, after a moment's pause. "I did not write to Uriah again. It seemed easier just to arrive unexpectedly and see the smile with which he would greet me. I thought of that smile during all the dreadful long

journey, in which I found so many hindrances that it only ended three days ago. And when I arrived here at last I found this!"

The look of disgust with which she waved her hand towards the unhomelike house, now far in the distance, was more expressive than any words could have been. So was the glance with which she added—

"Sir, I thought fate cruel and hard enough when first I saw to what it had brought me; but then I had never heard myself called a murderess and a thief. So much at least I had been spared until today."

A detective is but a man after all! To remain under the reproach of those wonderful eyes without an effort at self-defence was quite beyond me.

"If you did not commit the crime—— By-the-way," I broke off, "you don't seem in the least surprised at the news."

"I saw some brief allusion to it in a Bristol paper," she returned indifferently. "But there was no mention, no hint, of any suspicious attaching to me. If there had been, do you think, sir, that I should have had the courage to cross England from Bristol to Liverpool, knowing that at any step of the way I might be might be arrested? Do you think I should have dared, just because I heard that it was a comfortable boat, to wait until the Solway sailed"—I started; but she was too absorbed in her own emotions to notice me—"had I understood that the police were hunting for me? Why, I never took a precaution. Uriah sent me plenty of money, and I bought respectable clothes and threw away my disguise at Bristol. I walked on board the ship just as the other passengers did. And until I reached Utah, until you had followed me all these thousands of miles, I never had an idea that my name had been connected with the affair. Why did the people who were seeking me not stop me before I left England, sir?"

Even as she asked the question, I forgave Thornaby. He, in common with all the police force, had looked for a servant of the ordinary kind that all the world knows—not for a tragedy queen, refined and self-possessed at all times, at this moment magnificent in her indignation. Of all this however I did not choose to say anything. So I fell back once more upon my interrupted question.

"If you did not commit the crime, who did?"

"Who?"—with a fine touch of scorn in her voice. "Can you, sir, ask? True, I am poor and friendless, while he—— But how could any one have accused me and forgotten him?"

"Him?" I exclaimed in surprise. "What do you mean? There was but one man in the house. And he——"

"Was Miss Richardson's nephew and heir, whom she would have cut out of her will had she lived to see the light of Monday. What? You did not know that, sir? Oh, yes! I heard her threaten it; and my mistress always kept her word."

I was absolutely dumb with surprise. This was a revelation indeed. Why had Sir Auriol never revealed the fact? It could only be because he was conscious how it must tell against himself. But there was more to follow.

"Besides, his door stood open, when, at six o'clock, I went down the stairs. What was he doing out of his room at that hour? Sir Auriol Rainton was the murderer, sir, not Mary Smith."

And, standing there, in the wintry sunshine, watching her earnest disdainful face and glowing eyes, I almost found it in my heart to believe so too.

"Are you willing," I asked, "to come back with me at once to England and give your evidence against the Baronet?"

CHAPTER IX.

ONCE more it is the dusk of a wintry afternoon.

Easter Jaxon is driving Smut and Tinker up the ascent to Scotton Castle. It is a fortnight since the night of the ball, the night when every hope of her life was shattered at a blow. And now, as she sits in the smart pony-carriage, holding the reins and gazing with wide wistful eyes over the gray landscape, the future looks very dark and terrible to the shrinking girl.

As it happens, Una and Caryl are having a quiet chat over the drawing-room fire when Easter is announced—taking of her, too, to judge by the guilty little start that Lady Zillwood gives, and the glances which husband and wife exchange at the sound of her name.

Whatever they have been saying of her however by no means tends to lessen the warmth of their welcome; indeed the Countess kisses her sister with almost unusual affection.

"How sweet of you to have come, darling!" she murmurs, loosening the thick furs at her sister's throat, and gazing anxiously into the pretty face.

"How sweet of you to have sent for me, you mean! I was just getting into such a state of ennui that I thought I must scream or do something idiotic to create a diversion. And then, behold, the rattle of the wheels attracted my attention!"

Easter talks quickly and excitedly, in a manner which is quite foreign to her.

Once more the Earl and Countess exchange meaning glances.

"Did you have Lilith here yesterday, Una?" the girl asks speaking just as rapidly as before.

Una nods gravely.

"And did she tell you any news? But of course she would! She never speaks of anything else just now. Caryl, Una, why don't you offer your congratulations?"

Una lays her hand most tenderly upon her sister's arm.

"Don't, child!" she cries. "I can't bear to see you like this! Say that it isn't true! I told Caryl I did not believe it. You cannot——"

Easter breaks into a chill artificial little laugh that goes to the hearts of the others.

"I cannot have accepted Sir Auriol Rainton? Oh, but indeed I can and have! Don't you think him quite too delightful? If not, you are singular in your taste, my dear!"

Una did not reply. She cannot speak; a lump seems to rise in her throat, and tears flood her troubled eyes. It is the Earl who answers.

"And what of Norman Fergusson?" he says quietly.

With a shriek Easter starts from her seat which her brother-in-law has wheeled for her close to the blazing fire, and turns upon him, her face colorless, her eyes flashing.

"How dare you? How dare you?" she cries. "If it had not been for you I should never have known him, never have loved him, never have had to live on for years and years and years with this ache in my soul! And yet you can be cruel enough to taunt me like this!"

Una has risen too, and is now close to the excited girl. Suddenly she throws her arms around Easter's neck, and looks imploringly at her.

"Don't, child!" she repeats. "It may be all our fault, as you say. But, Easter, you did care for him; and you cannot have forgotten him so soon. Darling, don't be so wicked as to marry Sir Auriol while Norman has your heart. Think, Easter, think what marriage means—always to have him with you—never to be free! Oh, if you did not care for him you would go mad, dear!"

Easter shudders; but she is not shaken in her determination. The old timidity seems to have given place to obstinacy today.

"Una, I am going to marry Sir Auriol Rainton," she says, coldly withdrawing herself from Una's clinging embrace, and sitting down. "No one, not even you, shall say that I am grieving for a man who has slighted me, thrown me away as he might an old glove. And what I myself specially want to tell you, before you hear it from one else, is this—the wedding-day is fixed. I shall become Lady Rainton on New Year's Day. What do you think of my title?"—with another mirthless laugh.

"Oh, Easter!"

This is all that Una can say; but the reproach in her tone stings the unhappy girl to fresh anger. She rises from her chair restlessly, and begins to refasten the long thick boa which Una has untied.

"I'm going away," she says. "I thought you would both be kind to me perhaps, because I am not—not quite happy"—bringing out the words with a struggle. "But you are angry, so I'll not stay! Nobody wants me now except Sir Auriol. I shall be quite glad to——" She pauses; angry as she is, she cannot utter the falsehood, cannot declare that she will be glad to go to her bridegroom! With another terrible shudder she bursts into passionate tears. "I wish I were dead!" she wails. "Oh, Una, be kind to me, dear!"

And, after such an appeal, Una can only pet and soothe the girl again into calmness, leaving the discussion of all disquieting topics to some future occasion.

Such an occasion however never arrives. Mrs. Jaxon, noticing the tear-stains upon her step-daughter's cheeks and the soft light in her brown eyes on her return to Rockleigh that evening, takes good care that the occasion shall not arrive. For, in whatever manner she may mean to be revenged upon Sir Auriol Rainton for slighting her attractions and rejecting her advances, it certainly is not by bringing about the rupture of her engagement, or even the delay of the marriage, which, she well knows, might mean precisely the same thing. Her one dread is of Norman's arrival before the ceremony shall have taken place. According to the plans sketched out in his letter, his appearance may be expected at any time now. Still luck has been on her side hitherto, and may continue so to the end. Should it fail her, should the detective return before New Year's Day, then her plot must fall to the ground. Sometimes she is almost inclined to pray that evil winds, or illness, or some other obstacle, no matter what, may keep him from England until the irrevocable words that will make Easter a wife shall have been uttered—until too late!

"Such a suitable match for the sweet child—is it not, my dear friend?—since she did not fancy yourself! I am quite happy about both her and Charlie. You will, I am sure, send them your warm congratulations when you write to acknowledge the packet which I enclose."

Thus Mrs. Jaxon writes to Major Montgomery of the double engagement. For the Major has left Rockleigh at last, even Lilith, with all her power of resource, having found it impossible to detain him there any longer. Charlie administrated to him a snubbing by no means inferior to that which Easter had bestowed, and the Major's hopes as to either of the fair heiresses were completely extinguished.

It was while still smarting from the blow thus inflicted that the suitor was destined to receive yet another shock, from an altogether unexpected quarter.

"Major Montgomery, you have made a little mistake in your calculations, I fancy," said Mrs. Jaxon, when the disappointed man endeavored to relieve his feelings by indulging in threats and strong language. "Don't believe, please, that I am in your power! True, I did not want to pay you in hard cash the money I owe; true I may have allowed you to believe it impossible that I could do so; but where there's a will there's a way!"

It is probably not the value of the information which her letter contains so much as that of the packet accompanying it that has prompted Mrs. Jaxon to despatch them by the hand of her confidential maid, with strict orders to deliver them into Major Montgomery's charge and to bring back a reply.

Her commission Bowers duly executes, appearing not to notice anything strange in the matter. She has obeyed so many strange commands of late that the present perhaps seems almost commonplace. Even while the Major is deliberately unrolling and counting over the bundle of bank-notes under the woman's observant eyes, her thoughts stray away to the memory of her last secret service. And Jane Bowers wonders whether her trip to Amsterdam, with the sealed parcel that her mistress charged her never for one second to part with, can have had anything to do with procuring all this large amount of money.

As to the Major, he is perplexed.

"If Lilith could lay her hand upon this sum when it was ended, why has she kept me dangling for so long after those girls?" he reflects. "That she had some reason or other I'll swear. For what a schemer a woman is! From beginning to end of that letter there is not a word to criminate her. 'The packet which I enclose.' It might be merely a packet of garden seeds! With her brains to help a man on, one might achieve anything. I'd do a lot to win you as a wife, my dear, if you were not already supplied with a husband! But for anything but a wife you're too clever by half."

And yet, with her powers, Lilith Jaxon has failed to secure that which she desires above any other earthly good—the heart of Sir Auriol Rainton.

"I hate him—loathe him!" she mutters one night, as, alone in her bed-room before dressing for dinner, she paces up and down like a wild, caged creature. "I never wish to see the man's face, to touch his hand again. Oh to strike him dead with a glance—or her, the little smooth-faced fraud! That she, with her mincing ways and low voice, should steal him from me! For he did admire me at first—I read it in his eyes. Oh, that one long, long gaze! My darling—my darling—my darling!"

Trembling from uncontrolled passion, she drops, face downwards, upon a couch, the shining masses of golden hair falling about her; and so, for a quarter of an hour, she remains, while her shivering gradually ceases. When she raises her head again there is a new expression on her face, a fresh light in her eyes.

"Shall I?" she mutters. "Dare I risk another repulse? Yet what if, after all, he never understood me? Why should I have felt so certain that that night, and before that night, he comprehended and deliberately spurned me? If only it were all a mistake! Suppose he should be taking Easter, with her doll's face, only because he believes that he cannot get me?"

She stands up suddenly, and raises two exquisite white arms high above her head.

"Oh, to dream of it!" she goes on aloud. She knows that no one can hear her through the heavy doors, and she is accustomed to talk to herself in any intense excitement. "There more notion has put life into me! To think that there may still be a chance! My dearest, my best, we may yet be happy! The next time you shall not doubt my meaning."

Bowers's knock arouses her to the realities and necessities of the present. But, while the tire-woman's dextrous fingers are busy with her adornment, the same idea continues to fill her soul—how she may even yet, at the eleventh hour, win some acknowledgement of the Baronet's love. And then—— But beyond that moment she cannot trust herself to look.

At the eleventh hour it must be, if ever—for already the day fixed for Easter's wedding is close at hand, only three more days remaining of the fading year. With the New Year will dawn Easter's wedding-morn.

"The skating party to-morrow ought to be too lovely for anything!" says Charlie Jaxon that night, during the course of dinner. "I never saw the ice so smooth and clear as it looked to-day. And there won't be a flake of snow to-night."

"Your know who is proverbially the weather prophet, don't you, my dear?" says Mr. Jaxon, with a quizzical smile.

Charlie laughs.

"The biggest fool in the village," she declares. "Never mind! I'll submit to the insinuation if only my forecast proves correct."

Such is the case; for the next morning breaks cloudless and brilliant; the cold however is intense.

"Why, Lilith, my darling, I never saw you looking so handsome," Mr. Jaxon says to his beautiful wife, as she stands by the hall door, surveying her skates, and waiting for the rest of the party. "Your sables become you, child."

With a precautionary glance around, Mrs. Jaxon raises her hand and strokes her husband's cheek.

"That's a comfort, considering the extravagance into which they betrayed you," she returns, with a saucy bewitching glance. "Don't suppose though that I'm going to skate in furs; I only don them for the start."

He smiles at her, seizing and detaining the small caressing fingers.

"Don't catch cold: that's all I ask. You are too precious to come to grief. "Well, girls, ready at last?"

Arm in arm the three sisters have rushed down stairs, Lady Zillwood, who is always groaning over the fact that the lake at Scotton is regarded at skating-time as public property, having arrived for the day. They are gowned alike in dark green frocks, embroidered with gold, and trimmed with some dark-brown fur, of which also their hats are made. The father's eyes rest proudly upon the pretty group.

"Lilith is got up to kill," declares Charlie, with a malicious grin, noting the scarlet petticoat an brown-plush draperies that are visible below the sables. "We are only 'three little maids from school.'"

Mr. Jaxon frowns slightly.

"Don't be foolish, my dear. And see! Your escort is awaiting you. I will join you when my letters are sent off. Au revoir!"

"Au revoir!" echo the daughters.

But Lilith lingers until the rest have passed, then raises her red lips to receive her husband's farewell kiss. How he loves her for her tenderness!

By the side of the lake Sir Auriol Rainton, after fastening the skates of his pretty fiancee, is just stooping to put on his own.

"Will you have compassion upon a forlorn——"

"Mrs. Jaxon! I do beg your pardon. I ought to have offered. See, here's a chair!"

Mrs. Jaxon seats herself deliberately, and watches Sir Auriol as he kneels, adjusting the bright steel to the heel of her dainty boot.

"I'm always so clumsy just at first

starting," she says. "My courage seems to want gathering up! I wonder if you will give me a hand for ten minutes?" For she will allow no delay. By-and-by the ice will be crowded, and her opportunity lost; by-and-by her husband will ask her attention. The present moment, at least, is her own.

With careful steps the Baronet pilots her down the bank and on to the slippery surface of the ice; and, when he has fixed his own skates, he takes her hand to render the assistance she has asked.

"Why, you are the best performer amongst us!" he declares in an instant, watching he gracefully-swaying figure. "What pretence at cowardice!"

"It is your support that gives me courage," she replies, with one of her speaking glances. "Take it away, and I shall be lost!"

"Suppose we cross hands then, and do the outside edge? This water is a famous length for that style of thing. Ah, and there's the band! You'll have all your friends about you soon, Mrs. Jaxon."

Mrs. Jaxon knows it. Each moment she dreads some interruption, some arrival that may compel the hostess's notice and welcome. How can she bring out that which she has to say? Oh for twilight or darkness! But yet——

"None that I shall care for like—like those here already," she murmurs, as they glide along together, the keen air quickening their pulses, and bringing color to their cheeks. "Still—— Oh, Sir Auriol, why—why won't the people for whom we have most love offer us any in return?"

The Baronet laughs. During the past few weeks, so eventful to himself, he has forgotten the revelation which her eyes and her words once afforded; forgotten, or else have persuaded himself that it must have been all a mistake.

"That is a strange question from you," he retorts. "If any one in all the world is admired, worshipped, loved, it is yourself, Mrs. Jaxon. Look at your friends, your——"

They have reached the extreme end of the lake. No one is near, or even in sight, for the winding of the banks hides the rest of the party from view. Drawing one hand from his clasp, she lays it upon his arm, as they come to standstill.

"Hush!" she exclaims, in a tone almost of despair. "Hush! Don't say any more. What do I care for any of them, when your love belongs to another?"

She has uttered her secret at last, in spite of trembling lips and burning cheeks, and a heart half mad with longing, half sick with dread; and he understood. Of that she assures herself, watching his startled face, before her eyelids droop and hide her gleaming eyes. He cannot mistake that which she offers now.

"Mrs. Jaxon, what do you mean? I fail to see the point of your jest."

The breeze that is touching Lilith's hot forehead is not more icy than the Baronet's tone. The woman knows that she has played her last card, and lost!

"Jest?" she returns slowly, raising her eyes to his. "Do you call that a 'jest,' Sir Auriol? But I have had my answer! From this moment it is war between us, war to the death. For I hate you—hate you—hate you!"

And, bestowing upon him the glance of a fury incarnate, she sweeps from his side. Three minutes later she has joined the fast gathering crowd, having left her companion to follow at his leisure.

* * * * * *

It is New Year's morning; and Lilith Jaxon, alone in her room, takes from the secret drawer of her dressing-case two closely-written sheets of foreign paper. The house is full of guests, invited to share in the wedding festivities. They have danced the Old Year out and the New Year in, and sung "Auld Lang Syne" with clasped hands and faces expressive of happiness. Now shining eyes are closed in slumber, and tired feet have sought rest in preparation for the fatigues of a fresh day. Yet Lilith cannot sleep, and has no desire for rest. She draws her chair closer to the hearth, and reads through, from beginning to end, the long letter she has taken from her dressing-case. Then she raises her head.

"At least few women have ever had it in their power to take such a vengeance as is now in my power," she mutters. "It will fall on both alike, the husband and the wife. But she will suffer most, as she deserves to do. The little fool, to distrust a man who could write as her lover does! Yet she had sufficient cause, certainly."

So she plots and meditates, rejoicing that, by a piece of great good fortune, Norman Fergusson has not arrived in time to mar her schemes. So few hours of suspense yet remain that success seem s certain.

The cold gray dawn finds her still pondering over her plans. She little dreams that a ship now but twelve hours from shore brings with it a detective upon the trail of the Oldcourt murderer, and also a woman whose evidence may send a bridegroom to the gallows.

CHAPTER X.

NORMAN FERGUSSON'S STORY.

ARE you willing to come back with me at once to England, and give evidence against the Baronet?" I said to Mary Smith, as we stood in the wintry sunshine which was shedding its radiance over the broad American street.

It is part of my business to be suspicious, and as I put my question I was watching the girl closely to see how she would take the suggestion. If she were indeed the guilty person, then, without question, difficulty was in store for me. True, I had taken the precaution to carry with me across the Atlantic a requisition to the American government for the return of Mary Smith to England, under the Extradition Treaty; but to bring that into force might involve considerable delay, which I desired beyond everything to avoid. If I could induce Miss Smith to accompany me of her own free will, my purpose would be well served, and but small doubt of her innocence could remain, at least in my mind.

She did not keep me long waiting for her decision. Her face suddenly lighted up with such animation as positively to startle me; with a quick graceful gesture she clasped her hands, and, throwing back her head, drew a deep breath.

"To go back to England? Oh, tell me that you are not trifling with me! Say that you really mean it, sir."

So I should have no difficulty, after all. My mind was greatly relieved.

"Of course," I said. "But it may help you to understand if I explain at once who I am. You inquired some time ago if I had followed you from England. Yes, I did, though at a good distance behind. My name is 'Fergusson,' as I told Mrs. Young, and I am the detective in whose special charge the investigations with regard to the Oldcourt murder have been placed. Will you trust me to escort you home again?"

She was ready to leave Salt Lake City without an hour of unnecessary delay, and, later in the day, we commenced the return journey to New York.

It was in the course of that evening, while the train was rushing onward, bearing me ever nearer to my little Easter, that I wrote a long letter to my love, telling her of my successful search for Mary Smith, but saying nothing of the information she had given me, or of my own strong doubts as to her guilt. Such matters could wait until we met; and after the many days of absence, I had other and more important affairs of which to scribble to my darling. I filled two large sheets of letter-paper, I remember, and finished up by assuring Easter that within three weeks I hoped to be once more in Old England, possibly even at Scotton Castle. Yet three weeks later I was still many hundreds of miles distant even from New York.

I had scarcely closed the letter and pocketed it ready for posting during our next stoppage, when Mary Smith touched my arm. I had not been noticing or thinking much about her during the last hour, and now I saw that a change had come over her. She was deathly pale and her face was drawn as if with pain.

"Do you intend, sir, to travel all night?" she said faintly. "Or would it be possible to—to remain——" Her voice failed her; with a gasp she sank back in a dead faint.

Fortunately the train was already entering a station; more fortunately still, we were not in the middle of the wild prairie, where rest and doctors would have been unattainable. Hansford was a city of some pretensions, and, without any delay, Mary Smith was lifted from the car, carried to the nearest hotel and put to bed.

It was worry and intense nervous excitement that had brought on the attack. So the doctor who was hastily summoned assured me.

"Then it is a real illness—there's no sham about it?" I said.

"Sham! I should rather think not. You may think yourself considerably fortunate if she is able to hold up her head again this side of Christmas."

It was a dreary prospect enough, after all my hopes and plans; there was nothing for it however but to settle down and wait for the girl's recovery. Having once caged my bird, guilty or innocent, she should not slip through my fingers again. I cabled at once to Scotland Yard, enjoining extra watchfulness with regard to Sir Auriol Rainton, who had however never been entirely free from supervision; and there the matter had to rest for the moment.

The accounts which I received from nurses and doctors as to the condition of the patient, though disheartening at first, gradually improved. By-and-by I heard that she was able to rise from her bed and pass an hour, then two, then three, on the couch in her room. For the physician suggested that it would be well to remove her to a private sitting-room by way of change.

"You can go and talk to her, if you care to," he added. "It will do her good to see you, so long as you don't excite her too much."

Accordingly I found myself, about two hours later, making my way to Mary's sitting-room with a basket of fruit and the best bunch of violets I could find.

Mary, looking more like a shadow than a living woman, was lying upon a lounge, drawn close to the stove. Her head was lying languidly back on the cushions and her eyes were closed when first I caught a glimpse of her face; but the sound of my footsteps aroused her. She raised herself, looking all the better for the smile with which she greeted me.

"Oh, sir," she began, "How kind of you to come and see me! I am so miserable when I think of all the trouble I must have caused you."

"I have been awfully sorry for you, ill and in the midst of strangers," was the best reply I could think of.

"But fancy if I had been left to the tender mercies of Mrs. Uriah Young!" she said, with a low musical laugh. Then, the tears rising to her eyes—"I shall never, so long as I live, be able to show enough gratitude to you, sir, for rescuing me from my terrible strait."

What prompted me I cannot tell; for the world I would not have it known at Scotland Yard that I, a hardened experienced detective, acquainted with all the subtleties of crime, so far forgot myself and every tradition of my training as to confide my secret to the suspected criminal whom I had actually traveled from England to Utah to arrest—that I absolutely held out a hope of a fresh situation in the household of the woman whom I loved to a person who was actually accused of the murder of her late mistress!

"Mary," I said, "perhaps some day you will be maid to the gentlest, kindest lady in the world, whose peace and happiness will be the consideration of my life. If ever that comes to pass, and you really feel that I have done you any service, then you will have opportunities of repaying me many times over by your attention to her wishes."

I felt rather a prig; still it was a relief even to refer to Easter, and I thought the prospect might be a comfort to the poor weak girl, as indeed it proved to be. For a moment she stared at me as though not taking in my meaning; then she burst into tears.

"Ah, you cannot think me guilty then!" she sobbed. "Oh, thank Heaven!"

At this point the nurse, who, by-the-way, was in my pay, for I was bound just now to trust other eyes than my own in keeping watch and ward, looked into the room. Seeing how matters stood, she dismissed me at once, as an incapable and untrustworthy assistant.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCARPOLOGY.—Scarpology is a new science, which claims to give a clue to the characters of men from a study of their superannuated leather. According to this a discarded boot, the heel and sole of which show equal and even traces of hard work, denotes its wearer to be, if a man, an energetic, determined, and practical individual, and if a woman, a faithful spouse, and an excellent household manager. A sole worn and broken on the outside denotes a fanciful, capricious, and visionary individual, while the contrary betrays irresolution, weakness, and timidity. Boots whereof the outside soles and the edges of the toe-caps are worn away, show their owners to be capable of any crime up to murder. Another elementary rule laid down by the scarpological savant is that young females who try to insert their feet into boots denominated in technical language "fours," when their proper size should be numerically designated as "sixes," are to be avoided by young men as if they had the plague. No trust is to be on any account placed in women with big feet, who try to make people believe that they have got little feet by crushing and cramping themselves into small boots, after the fashion of the female inhabitants of the Celestial Empire.

Bric-a-Brac.

BLANKETS.—Blankets took their name from one Theodore Blanquet—or Blonquet who established the first manufactory for this comfortable article at Bristol, about the year 1340.

THE CHINESE.—The Chinese settlers on the Island of Sumatra have a strange and ludicrous form of salutation. When they meet each other, say after an absence of a month or longer, they do not shake each other's hand; they smile broadly, and each grasps his own hand, shaking it vigorously for a few moments.

PRINTING.—The art of printing was not discovered all of a piece. For some time after it had been brought to perfection, the secret of it was kept, in order that its possessors might palm off their printed books as manuscripts, and continue to charge the high prices obtainable for these latter. This speculation, so very human, lasted until it occurred to some shrewder bookseller that honesty was the best policy, whereupon the price of books fell about ninety per cent.

DOGS IN CHINA.—Dogs in China are chiefly despised, except as house-watchers. A black dog with yellow eyebrows is valued as a first-rate house-dog; but a white one with black eyebrows will bring bad luck to his owner. A "lion dog"—belonging to the small shaggy northern breed—will bring good fortune; while the only real canine pet is the "sleeve dog," so called from being small enough to lie in the capacious Celestial sleeve. Retrievers are apparently unknown, while greyhounds are lanky and slow. Common canine names are "Jewel," "Pearl," "Blackie," "Black Dragon," and "Yellow Ear."

THE BOTTLE-POST.—The inhabitants of the small group of islands called Vestmannsenjar, situated to the south of Iceland, possess a very curious method of communication in their so called "bottle-post." When the wind blows from the south and one of the islanders wishes to communicate with the mainland, he puts his letters into a well-corked bottle, and to insure their delivery, he inserts at the same time a plug of twist tobacco or a cigar. The wind speedily impels the bottle to the shore of the mother island, where the people are generally on the look-out, who are willing to deliver the contents of the bottle in return for the enclosed remuneration.

THE BEE.—The most important function of the bee's sting is not stinging, but its use in doing the artistic cell work, capping the comb, and infusing the formic acid by means of which honey receives its keeping qualities. The sting is really a skilfully contrived little towel, with which the bee finishes off and caps the cells when they are filled brimful of honey. This explains why honey extracted before it is capped over does not keep well. The formic acid has not been injected into it. This is done in the very act of putting the last touches on the cell work. As the little pliant trowel is worked to and fro with such dexterity, the darts, of which there are two, pierce the plastic cell surface, and leave the nectar beneath the tiny drops of the fluid which makes it keep well. This is the "art preservative" of honey.

BURYING A KING.—In the parish church of Soho, London, dedicated to St. Anne, were interred in 1756 the remains of Theodore, King of Corsica. The want of funds necessary for the payment of his troops caused him to come to London in search of fresh supplies. Here the luckless crowned head was arrested for debt, and for some time was lodged in the King's Bench Prison. Horace Walpole tells that as soon as Theodore was set at liberty he took a chair to the Portuguese Minister. The king was not successful in finding his excellency at home, and not possessing a sixpence in his purse wherewith to pay for his ride, desired the chairman to carry him to a tailor in Soho, whom he prevailed upon to harbor him. Next day the unhappy sovereign fell sick, and in three more died. The poor tailor, who gave King Theodore what meagre hospitality he could afford, was himself unable to pay for the interment of the royal remains. The expense was defrayed by an oilman in Compton Street, called John Wright, who said that he was "willing for once to pay the funeral expenses of a king."

A YOUNG man was hypnotized at an entertainment in Paris, and two days elapsed before he was restored to consciousness.

THE ROSE AND ZEPHYR.

BY PETER AYTNER.

Pretty rose! soft repose,
Courted by the Zephyr's throes;
'Neath his kiss, blush with bliss,
Lifting up thy lip to his.
May no bee ruffle thee,
Envious of thy luxury!
Curtain'd by leaflets nigh,
Blest together, love and sigh!
Pretty rose! soft repose,
Courted by the Zephyr's throes;
'Neath his kiss, blush with bliss,
Lifting up thy lip to his.

Be thou, Wind, ever kind,
She is of the tenderest mind;
Every flush of her blush
Speaks, though silent, kiss and hush.
Therefore stay, love all day.
Soothe her with thy gentle play,
And when blest Night brings rest,
Sweetly dream upon her breast.
Pretty rose! soft repose,
Courted by the Zephyr's throes;
'Neath his kiss, blush with bliss,
Lifting up thy lip to his.

A Woman's Trust.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY OLIVIA," "GWEN DALE' ORDEAL," "MOLLY'S MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI—(CONTINUED.)

HE HELD her hand for a moment or two, then left her. He had no desire to see her again. If he could have done so, he would have wiped from his memory the plot in which he had been concerned with her to drive Lord Auchester into her arms; indeed, as he drove through the silent night he felt heartily ashamed of it. He thought of Leslie and Lucy throughout the journey with a strange sense of confusion. He loved the gentle girl who had given him her heart, but he would remain Leslie's friend and champion. That the Duke of Rothbury had in some way behaved badly to her he felt assured, and but for his promise to Leslie he would have called him to account. As it was, he had bound himself to the simple return of the diamond pendant.

He carried it in his breast pocket for the two following days, and on the third went to Grosvenor square.

"Yes, sir; his grace is at home, but I do not know whether he can see you. I will ask his gentleman."

Grey came into the hall, and shook his head as Ralph Duncombe preferred a request for an interview.

"His grace only returned yesterday, and is very tired, sir," he said. "I am afraid he cannot see you."

Ralph Duncombe wrote on the back of his card, "From Miss Leslie," and enclosed it in an envelope.

"Give that to his grace," he said.

Grey came back after a few minutes.

"His grace will see you, sir. Follow me, if you please," and he led the way to the study at the back of the hall.

The duke was lying on the adjustable couch, and the sight of his wasted form and deathlike face startled Ralph Duncombe and drove all the anger from his heart.

The duke signed to Grey to withdraw, then raised himself on his elbow and looked at Ralph Duncombe keenly.

"You wish to see me?" he said.

"Yes," said Ralph, and unconsciously he lowered his voice.

"And you come from—Miss Leslie?" A faint, very faint color tinged the transparent face.

"I do, your grace. I am charged with a simple mission. Miss Lisle bids me return this to your grace," and he held out the packet.

The duke took it and opened it, and gazed at the pendant as it flashed in the palm of his hand.

"She told you to return it to me? I did not give——" He stopped.

"I was to return it to the Duke of Rothbury," said Ralph rather sternly.

"To—the—Duke of Rothbury; yes, yes," said the duke in a low voice, and the color deepened in his face. "You have come from Miss Lisle? You know where she is; may I ask her address?"

"I cannot give it to your grace," said Ralph.

The duke flashed his eyes—they glittered in their dark rings—then he let them fall, and sighed.

"I understand. At least you will tell me whether she is well and—and happy?"

Ralph Duncombe's wrath smouldered.

"She is well now, and I trust happy," he said.

"Now? She has been ill?"

"Ill and in great trouble. Her father is dead——"

The duke raised himself to an upright position, then sank back.

"Poor girl, poor girl!" he murmured.

Ralph Duncombe flushed.

"Miss Lisle neither asks nor would accept your pity, your grace," he said sternly. "I am ignorant of the events connected with that gift or its return. I do not wish to know anything about it, but of this I am assured—that Miss Lisle desires to hold no further communication with you."

The duke was silent a moment.

"Very good," he said at last. "I understand. But I think if she knew how much I desire her forgiveness for the deceit I practised upon her, and how near I am to that land which forgiveness cannot reach, she would not refuse to forgive me."

"I have discharged my mission," said Ralph coldly. He could not bring himself to convey Leslie's forgiveness.

The duke touched an electric bell.

"I wish you good day, sir," he said, and sank back with a sigh. But, after Ralph Duncombe had gone, he opened his hand and looked at the diamond pendant which still lay in his palm.

"Yorke had given her this," he said musingly. "But why did she send it to me? Why? What shall I do with it? Give it to him? Dare I do so just now? Will it be safe to call up sleeping memories? Had I not better wait until—until after the wedding?"

He decided that he would do so, and carefully placing the pendant in the drawer of a cabinet that stood near his elbow, he sank back again and closed his eyes. But his lips moved long afterwards, and "Poor girl, poor girl!" came from them, as if he were still thinking of her.

* * * * * * *

The weeks rolled on, and the wedding morn of Yorke and Eleanor Dallas stood but three days off. It was to be a quiet wedding, in consequence of the death of Lord Eustace and his two sons; but the heir of the great dukedom of Rothbury could not be married without some slight fuss, and the Society papers contained interesting little paragraphs concerning the event.

The happy young people were to be married at a little church in Newfold, a picturesque village near Lady Eleanor Dallas's seat, White Place. There were to be only two bridesmaids, cousins of the bride, and the great Duke of Rothbury himself was to be the bridegroom's best man, provided that the duke should be well enough, the paragraphist went on to say, adding that, as was well known, the duke had been in bad health of late. After the ceremony the young couple were to start for the South of France, and on their return it had been arranged that they should go to Rothbury Castle, the seat of the duke, who intended handing over the management of the vast estates to his heir.

Lady Eleanor read these and similar paragraphs until she had got them by heart. To her the days seemed to drag along with forty-eight hours to each, and they had appeared all the longer in consequence of Yorke's absence, for on the plea of having to make his preparations, and business for the duke, he had not paid many visits to White Place since his return from Italy. But though Eleanor felt his absence acutely she was too wise to complain.

"I shall have him altogether presently," was the thought that consoled her. "All my own, my own with no fear of anything or anybody coming between us."

But she was terribly restless, and wandered about the grounds, and from room to room, "where bridal array was littered all around," as if she were possessed of some uneasy spirit.

"If one could only send you into a mesmeric sleep and wake you just before the ceremony, my dear Nell, it would be a delightful arrangement for all concerned," said Lady Denby. "It is the man who is generally supposed to be the nervous party in the business, but I'll be bound Yorke is as cool as a cucumber."

If not exactly as cool as that much abused vegetable, Yorke certainly showed very little excitement, and as he walked into the duke's study on the evening of the third day before that appointed for the wedding, the duke, glancing at him keenly, remarked on his placidity.

"You take things easily, Yorke," he said.

"As how?" said Yorke, dropping into a chair and poking the fire.

"Well, you don't look as flurried as a nearly married man is supposed to look."

"I am not flurried," he said. "Why should I be?" and he looked round with the poker in his hand. "Fleming has seen about the clothes, the banns have been put up, and the tickets taken. There is nothing more to be done on my side, I imagine. No, I am not at all flurried."

"But you look tired," said the duke. "Is everything all right at Rothbury?" Yorke had just come from there.

"Yes," he replied listlessly. "I saw Lang about those leases and arranged about the timber, and I told them to have everything ready for you. I am glad you are going to winter there, Dolph. You will be as comfortable, now that the whole place is warmed by that hot-water arrangement, as if you were at Nice, and will have the satisfaction, in addition, of knowing that you are benefiting the people around. They complained sadly of the place being shut up so much."

"Well, you can alter that," said the duke. "You like the place and can live there five or six months out of the year. I believe it is supposed to be one of the nicest places in the kingdom."

Yorke nodded and leant back, his eyes fixed on the fire.

"You dine here to-night?" asked the duke after a pause.

Yorke nodded again.

"Thanks, yes. I'll take my dinner in here with you, if you don't mind.

"No, I don't mind," said the duke with a smile of gratitude and affection lighting up his wan face. "I wish you were going to dine in here with me for the rest of my life; but that's rather selfish, isn't it? Don't be longer away than you can help, Yorke. It may happen that Eleanor will get tired of the Continent; if she should, come home at once."

"Very well," said Yorke. "I am in her hands, of course."

"Of course, and you couldn't be in better or sweeter."

"No," assented Yorke absently. "Did you send back that draft of the leases I posted to you?"

"Eh?" The duke thought a moment. "No, I didn't. I forgot all about them."

Yorke smiled.

"You see that it is time I handed in my checks and allowed a better man to take the berth," said the duke cheerfully. "I'm very sorry, especially as you have taken so much trouble about the business. Let me see, where did I put them? I'm ashamed to say I've forgotten. Look in that bureau drawer, will you?"

Yorke got up and sauntered across the room. He looked very tall and thin in his dark mourning suit of black serge, and the duke noticed that he was paler than when he had seen him last, paler and more tired looking.

"Never mind," he said. "Let the lawyers make out fresh ones."

"Oh, I'll find 'em," said Yorke. "You have stuffed them in somewhere," and he opened drawer after drawer, in the free and easy manner in which a favorite son opens the drawers and cupboards of a father. "I'll back you for carefully mislaying things, especially papers, against any man in England—excepting myself."

"Grey always sees to them. He has spoilt me," remarked the duke apologetically.

"That's what I tell my man Fleming," said Yorke. "I should mislay my head if he didn't put it on straight every morning when he brushed my hair."

The duke laughed.

"They are a pattern pair," he said. "Don't trouble. Ring for Grey."

But Yorke in an absent mechanical fashion still sauntered round the room searching for the missing drafts, and presently he opened the drawer of the small cabinet which generally stood beside the duke's couch, but which this evening was immediately behind him.

Yorke opened the drawer and turned over the things, and was closing it again when his eyes caught the glitter of diamonds.

"You keep a choice collection of things in these drawers of yours, Dolph," he said.

"What is it?" asked the duke.

Yorke pulled out the pendant.

"Only diamonds," he said, "and very handsome ones too. Where on earth did you get them, and who are they for? Perhaps I'd better not go poking about any longer, or I shall come upon some secret——" He stopped suddenly. He had been speaking in a tone of lazy badinage, scarcely heeding what he was saying, until suddenly he recognized the pendant.

"Oh, I've no secrets," said the duke. "What is it you have found! Ah!" He had swung himself round by the lever and saw Yorke gazing at the pendant lying in his hand.

"Where did you get this," demanded Yorke. The duke looked at his face as he asked the question. It was grave, with curiosity and surprise; but the duke was glad to see that it showed no keener or deeper emotion, and told himself that Yorke was forgetting Leslie.

"Do you recognize it?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Yorke slowly. "It is a thing I gave——" He stopped "How did it come here? Where did you get it?"

"It was brought to me," said the duke in a low voice.

"Brought to you? Why to you?" demanded Yorke, looking up from the pendant. What memories it awakened!

"I cannot tell you."

"Who brought it?"

"A man by the name of—I forget. His card is there in the drawer."

Yorke looked.

"No, it is not here."

"Then it is lost. His name—his name—yes, I remember. It was Duncombe. Ralph Duncombe."

"Ralph Duncombe?" Yorke repeated the name two or three times. He seemed to think that he had heard it before, but he could not recall it. He put the pendant in his pocket, and went and stood before the fire with his back to the duke.

"Did he give no message—no explanation?" he asked.

"No," said the duke. "He acted as if he thought I had sent the thing to her."

Yorke did not look round. Why had Finetta sent back the pendant, and why had she sent it to the duke instead of to him, Yorke?

"You don't want to talk about it?" said the duke after a pause.

"No, I don't," assented Yorke grimly. "There are some things one would prefer to forget."

"Ah, if one could, if one could!" the duke muttered.

The dinner came in soon afterwards; and the two men talked of the approaching marriage, of the plans for the winter, of the game at Rothbury, of everything but the diamond pendant. Then suddenly Yorke, who had been answering in an absent-minded kind of way, uttered an exclamation.

"What is the matter?" demanded the duke.

"Nothing," said Yorke sharply. Then he looked at his watch. "Do you mind my leaving you before the coffee?"

"Not a bit. Where are you going?"

Yorke made no reply, perhaps he did not hear. He got up, and rang for Grey to bring his hat.

"I shall not be back till late, Dolph," he said. "Don't sit up."

He had remembered suddenly where he had seen this Ralph Duncombe's name. It was the man who had hunted him down to the ruin from which Eleanor had saved him; and it was by this man Finetta had sent back the diamond pendant. There was only one conclusion to be drawn from the coincidence: it was Finetta, then, who had sought to revenge herself for his desertion of her, by planning his ruin and disgrace. It was she who had brought about this marriage of his, this marriage which would enslave him for life.

Yorke was not a bad-tempered man, nor a malignant, but at that moment he was possessed by a burning desire to confront Finetta, and charge her with perfidy.

He went down the Strand and entered the Diadem. The stall-keeper looked at him with lively surprise and interest.

"Glad to see you back, my lord," he said with profound respect.

Yorke took the programme and glanced at it.

"Miss Finetta appears to-night?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, my lord! She will be on in a few minutes."

Yorke sat bolt upright in his stall, glaring at the stage. There were several persons in the front of the house who knew him, but he looked neither to the right nor the left. His heart was on fire. The false-hearted woman! She had pretended to bid him farewell in peace and in friendship, and had betrayed him! Yes, he would wait until the performance was over, and would go round and confront her. There should be no scene, but he would tell her that her baseness was known, and, if possible, shame her.

It was a foolish resolve, but, alas! Yorke was never celebrated for wisdom.

The orchestra played the opening to the second act, the usual chorus sang, and the usual comic man cracked the time-honored wheezes, and then the band played a few bars of an evidently well-known melody, for the gallery greeted the music with an

anticipatory cheer, and a moment afterwards Finetta bounded on the stage. There's a roar of delighted welcome, and amidst it she came sailing and smiling down to the footlights, her dark eyes flashing round with a half-defiant gleam in them of which the public were so fond.

Then suddenly she saw the well-known face, there in the stalls. For a second she paused in her slow, waltzing step, and looked at him with a look that he might well take for fear. The conductor of the band glanced up, surprised, it was the first time Finetta ever missed a step. But before he could pull the band together and catch up the lost bar she had gone on dancing, and danced with her accustomed grace and precision.

Yorke watched her with a grim fury. This smiling dancing jade had plotted to ruin him, had tried to drive him into a Debtors Court—worse, had forced him to marry Eleanor Dallas! He could have sprung up there and then and accused her of her vileness; and the desire was so great that he was on the point of rising to leave the theatre and await her at the stage door, when suddenly he saw her falter and stumble, and the next instant—the same instant—she had disappeared, and in the spot where she had just stood was a gaping hole.

The house rose with a gasp, and a sigh of horror that rose to a yell of indignation and accusation.

It was the old story: "Someone had blundered" and left the trap door unbolted, and London's favorite dancer had danced upon it and gone down to the depths beneath.

The audience rose, yelling, shouting, pushing this way and that; the curtain was lowered, the lights turned up, and the manager, in the inevitable evening dress, appeared, with his hand upon his heart. He assured the audience that Miss Finetta was not hurt—not seriously hurt—and that though it would not be wise for her to dance again that evening, he trusted that she would appear again to-morrow, etc., etc.

Yorke waited till the plausible address was concluded, then he quietly—in a dream as it were—went out and round to the stage door.

And one line of the Book he had, alas! read too seldom, rang in his ears as he went. "Vengeance is Mine!"

The stage door keeper knew him in a moment, but in answer to Yorke's inquiry if he could see Miss Finetta, shook his head.

"I don't know, sir! There's a rumor that she's kil——"

Yorke passed him by and made his way to the dressing-rooms. There was a crowd of chorus girls and supers surging to and fro in the corridor and clustered together in little knots; all talking in hurried whispers.

They made way for Yorke as he knocked at the door of Finetta's dressing-room. The manager opened it.

"Is it the doctor—oh it's you my lord!" he said in a whisper. "It is an awful thing! In the middle of the season too."

"Is she——" began Yorke in a low voice, hoarse with agitation. But low as it was it was heard by someone within the room, for Finetta's voice, weak and hollow with pain, said—

"Is that you, Yorke? Let him come in!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

YORKE went in. Finetta was lying on the sofa, lying with that awful look which tells its own story. Her shapely arm hung down limply, helplessly; across her face, white as death, a thin line of blood trickled, coming again as fast as the trembling dresser wiped it away. One or two women stood near her, silent and apprehensive.

She lifted her eyes heavily and tried to smile.

"I—I thought you would come," she said painfully. "I saw you in the stalls."

Yorke bent over her, all the anger sped from his heart.

"Are you hurt, Fin?" he said in a low voice.

"Yes," she said. "Badly, I think. Some—some fool left the trap unbolted; or—" a gleam of fire shot into her eyes for a moment—"or was it done on purpose, eh? There's one or two here who wouldn't be sorry to have me out of the bills. Well, they'll have their wish for a short time."

"Have you sent for a doctor?" Yorke asked the manager.

He nodded.

"Doctor! I don't want any doctor here," said Finetta sharply. "I want to go home. Take me home, Yorke. Never mind what they say. Take me home, if you have to do it on a stretcher."

"Very well," he said

The manager drew him outside.

"You can't do it, I'm afraid, my lord. She's too hurt to be moved."

"Don't listen to him, Yorke!" Finetta's voice came to them. "Take me home."

A long slight table stood in the passage. Yorke wrenched the legs off and called to a couple of carpenters. Then, with the help of the manager and dresser, he laid Finetta on this impromptu stretcher and carried her to the brougham which was waiting outside.

"Drive slowly," he said to the man.

"No, let him go fast," panted Finetta. "I can bear it," and she clenched her teeth. Yorke sat beside her and supported her, and she lay with her head on his shoulder, her teeth set hard, her hands grasping each other, and no cry or groan passed her lips.

At the sound of the brougham wheels Polly came to the door, and uttered a cry of alarm at the sight of her sister lying limp and helpless in Yorke's arms.

"Oh, Lord Yorke!" she gasped.

"Don't be frightened, Polly," he said. "Finetta has met with an accident."

They carried her upstairs.

"Get her undressed and into bed," he said. "I'm going for a doctor."

"You—you will come back, Yorke?" Finetta managed to say.

"Of course," he said. "Keep up your heart, Fin. You'll be all right."

He got the doctor, and while he was upstairs making his examination Yorke paced up and down the sumptuous dining-room in which he had spent so many pleasant, merry hours.

It seemed an age before the doctor came down.

"Well?" asked Yorke anxiously.

The doctor looked down with professional gravity.

"She is very badly hurt," he said. "Oh no," he added seeing Yorke start and wince. "I don't say that it will kill her, but—you see she struck the edge of the trap with her back. I think I should like to have Sir Andrew."

"Yes, Yes!" said Yorke. "I will send for him at once——"

"Oh, to-morrow will do, my lord," said the doctor. "He could do no more for her than I can accomplish, and she is—unfortunately—in very little pain. But there seems to be something on her mind, something in which your lordship is concerned, and she is very anxious to see you."

"I will go to her," said Yorke at once.

They went upstairs, and Finetta turned her great eyes upon them.

"What has he been telling you, Yorke?" she asked feebly. "Am I going to die? Don't be afraid, I'm not a milksop, and I shan't go into hysterics and make a scene. I suppose I've got to die, as well as other people."

"No, no, there is no talk of dying, Fin," he said.

"Then what is it? Why do you both look so glum? she said impatiently. "There's nothing much in falling down a trap: I've seen heaps of people do it. What is it? Am I going to be laid up long? Ask him how soon I shall be able to dance again?"

"Better be quiet," said the doctor, with his hand on her pulse.

"You answer my question," she retorted as furiously as her weakness would allow.

"I'll answer any questions you like to-morrow," he said soothingly. "I want you to rest now."

She turned her eyes to Yorke scornfully.

"They're all like that—a pack of old women," she said, "and they think we're all old women too! Rest! ah, if he could give me something that could make me rest ——Don't go Yorke," and she sighed.

He sat down beside the bed and held her hand, and she turned her eyes upon him gratefully, then averted them and groaned faintly.

"Did I hurt you Fin?" he asked.

"No, no!" she replied. It wasn't that, it—it was something I was thinking of."

"You mustn't talk," said the doctor.

She opened her lips and grinned at him contemptuously.

"Why mustn't I? Do you think I'm going off my head? Well, there—but don't leave me, or if you do, come again to-morrow, Yorke," and she turned her head away and closed her eyes.

Yorke sat beside her through the night, holding her hand. At times she seemed to fall into an uneasy slumber, from which she would wake and look from him to Polly with a vacant gaze which grew troubled when it rested on his face, and then she would sigh and close her eyes again. Towards morning she fell into a deep sleep, and Yorke went home, but only remained long enough to change his clothes, and returned to St. John's Wood. He found St. Andrew there, and the great man greeted him with a significant gravity; but before he could speak Finetta turned her eyes to Yorke.

"Ask him to tell me the truth of the case, Yorke!" she said, in a voice much weaker than that of last night. "I'm not afraid. He says I'm not going to die; but ask him how soon I shall get back to the Diadem?"

Sir Andrew smiled, but it was the smile which masks the face of the physician while he pronounces sentence.

"Not yet awhile, my dear young lady," he said.

"Not yet—ah!" She tried to sit up, but sank back and fixed her dark bold eyes on him. "You mean! What is it you mean? Not—not——" her voice quivered and broke. "Oh, God, you mean that I shall never dance again!"

The doctor looked down. She read his answer in his face, and silenced Sir Andrew's conventional protest.

"You—you needn't lie. I—I can see it in your faces. Oh!" and a low but heart-breaking cry rose from her white lips. "Oh, never, never again! Never to dance again! Oh, Yorke, Yorke, tell them to kill me! I'd rather die—rather, ten thousand times rather! Never to dance again. It isn't true," she burst out, her tone changed to weak fury and resentment. "You don't know. You can't tell. Doctors are fools, all of 'em. Send them away, Yorke. I hate the sight of them standing there like a couple of undertakers. What, not dance again! It's a lie! It's a——" Then she covered her face with her hands, and her whole body shook and trembled.

The paroxysm passed, and she drew a long breath and put out her hand to Yorke.

"It's true," she said, in a faint voice, "I feel it. Don't—don't mind what I said, gentlemen. It—it knocked me rather hard. You see I've got nothing to—to live for but my dancing. I'm—I'm nothing without that. Oh, God, what an end! To lie here——" she turned her head away and groaned.

Yorke held her hand in silence.

What could he say? The doctors went; the morning passed; he sat and held Finetta's hand as she dozed heavily.

Every now and then she stirred and opened her eyes, saw and recognized him, and with a sigh closed them again, as if his presence soothed and comforted her.

He left her in the middle of the day, promising to return in a few hours. He was to be married in two days' time, and there were things to be done and settled. He found a letter from Lady Eleanor awaiting him—a loving, passionate letter, reminding him of some trifle in connection with their wedding trip. He put it in his pocket, scarcely read, and in the afternoon returned to Finetta. Her eyes turned to the door with painful, feverish eagerness as he entered, and she smiled gratefully and yet, as it seemed to him, with a curious mixture of fear and sadness.

"You—you are very good to me, Yorke," she said. "Better—better than I deserve."

"All right, Fin," he said, pressing her hand. "You'd do the same for me; old friends, you know."

"Yes," she said, "old friends." She was silent a moment or two, then with an effort she said, "Yorke, I've got something to tell you. And—and I think I'd rather die than say it."

"Don't say it then," he said promptly. "What's it matter? You've got to keep quiet, the doctor said——"

"But I've got to say it," she broke in with a moan. "I can't sleep or rest while it's on my mind. You can't guess what it is, Yorke?"

"No. Never mind. Let it slide till you get better, Fin."

She shook her head as well as she could.

"That would be a long time to keep it," she said. "Yorke, what brought you to the theatre last night?"

He started slightly. It might almost be said that he had forgotten the diamond pendant, which was still in his waistcoat pocket.

"Why, I came to see you, of course," he replied.

"Yes," she said, her large eyes fixed on his. "Yes, but why? I saw your face, Yorke, and there was mischief in it. I saw that you had found out something, if not all."

"Found out what?" he asked carelessly. "Oh, you mean about the pendant? What made you send it back, Fin?"

She looked at him with a puzzled frown.

"What pendant? What are you talking about?"

"The diamond ornament you sent back," he said. "But there, don't worry——"

"Diamonds I sent back? Is that likely? But what diamonds? You never gave me any."

He tried to smile banteringly; he thought her mind was wandering.

"Never mind. There!" he took the pendant from his pocket and laid it in her hand. "Take it back again, and keep it this time."

She looked at it, and from it to him.

"I never sent this to you—I never saw it before," she said.

"All right, it doesn't matter——"

"Never! You say you gave it to me. When? When?"

"I sent it to you the night—the day after we parted," he said.

Her eyes dilated, and she put her hand to her head.

"You—sent this—this to me! You must be out of your mind, or I am. And you say I sent it back!"

"Look here, Fin," he said soothingly, "I know what it is you want to say to me, and I want to save you the trouble and worry of saying it, so I tell you that I know all, and that I forgive you, if that's what you want."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THOUGHT HIS LEGS WERE GLASS.—A physician of long experience in the treatment of mental diseases recently told of the remarkable case of a young man who was perfectly sound on all topics but one. All the screws of his brain were right but one. That was loose. He was an inmate of an asylum, the doctor said, and had demanded to be examined, asserting that he was sane.

When the physician reached the asylum, he was shown into a handsomely furnished room and presented to a tall, good-looking young fellow, apparently in robust health.

"Tell me," said the physician, "all about your case."

The young man, speaking with perfect coherency, and using the best language, said that he was confined at the instance of his father. They had both loved the same girl, and when the son had returned to his home after an absence of a few days, he found that his father had married her. His father, desiring to get him out of the way, had then placed him in an asylum. The doctor made notes, and when the patient concluded, told him that he would do all he could for him.

"Now," said the doctor, "won't you walk out into the hall with me?"

"I can't," said the young man sorrowfully.

"Why not?" asked the doctor.

"Because if I do I shall break," was the rather surprising reply.

"What do you mean?" asked the physician.

"Why, don't you know?" said the patient, "that from my thighs down I'm made of glass, and that I'm only safe in this room?"

The doctor left him. His disease was incurable.

THE MISTAKE OF INDOOR LIFE.—"Basking in the sun" is in itself of real and considerable benefit, and it is no compliment to our human intelligence to find that cats and dogs understand that fact much better than we do. Even the "blue glass" craze had a truth underlying it, and owed such success as it achieved to the proportion of sunlight which penetrated its colored medium. The love of sunshine is naturally one of our strongest instincts, and we should be far healthier and happier if we followed and developed it instead of practically ignoring and repressing it. How a sparkling, sunny morning exhilarates us and makes us feel that "It's too fine a day to stay indoors," and yet how few holidays are taken for that reason. The wealth of the sunbeams is poured out lavishly all around us, and we turn from it to struggle for a few pitiful handfuls of something else that is yellow and shining, but not half so likely to bring us happiness, and often has strange, red spots upon it. Give nature a chance, and we shall find that there is more than a mere fanciful connection between natural sunlight and that "sunny" disposition which, after all, is the true "philosopher's stone."

WORK THAT THE HEART DOES.—The work of the heart is the circulation of the life-giving blood throughout the body. With each stroke or beat of the heart, it projects something like six ounces of blood into the bodily conduits, throwing it for a distance of 9 feet. This it does 60 times each minute, 4,140 times each hour, 99,300 times in a day, 36,226,400 times in a year, and 2,540,337,120 times in a lifetime of 70 years (including Leap Years.) The blood is propelled by the heart 9 feet each beat, 297 yards each minute, 7 miles in an hour, 169 miles in a day, 61,817 miles in a year, and 4,326,073 miles in the 70 years. The total force exerted by the heart every twenty-four hours has been calculated to be equal to 124 foot tons—that is, if the whole force expended by the heart in twenty-four hours were gathered into one huge stroke, such a power would lift 124 tons one foot off the ground.

SING, SWEET LADY.

BY W. W. LORD.

Sing, sweet lady, love of mine,
Sing of love that is divine;
Let each gentle, tender note
Softly, sweetly, 'round me float;
Daylight on the mountain's brow
Flutters to the darkness now;
Moonlight glitters on the sea,
Roses bloom upon the lea;
There's a charm in everything,
Sing, sweet lady, to me sing.

Sing me song of lover's tale,
As we sit here in the vale;
Sing of love and old romance,
When for love was broke the lance;
Sing me song of love and truth,
From the border-land of youth;
Let the notes in music chime
Down the shadow road of time;
And Love's dream of splendor bring—
Sing, sweet lady, to me sing.

A Righteous Reparation

BY W. W. PENN.

MARK STRATTON was at his old sketching haunt at Ripplewell, in Hampshire. He always picks up a story or two for my benefit on those expeditions, but he never lighted on one more romantic and unusual than that here following, and which was the result of his stay at the "Nag's Head," chief inn in that picturesque southern village.

The hostel had changed hands since his last visit, and he heard that the present landlord and his wife had come from Brighton, where they had kept a small tavern near the railway terminus. As usual, Mark soon became as free of the house under the new "regime" as he had been under the old.

One evening, he is smoking his pipe in the little bar parlor, and seeing a half-opened album of photographs on the table, he begins idly looking through it. The kindly buxom landlady bustling to and fro, attending to her business, pauses for a moment. As she glances over Mark's shoulder at the open book on his lap, she exclaims:

"Ah, sir, that's a pretty face, isn't it? You'd never guess who that is, I'll be bound!" and she points to the portrait of a countrified-looking girl, with her apron carelessly thrown over one side of her head, and which, from the happy arrangement of light and shade, gives a peculiarly arch and picturesque air to the bright laughing eyes and dimpling countenance. It is evident from the background of brick wall, with a trail of ivy across it, that the picture has been taken in the open air. Of course Mark Stratton cannot guess who it is, and the landlady, having nothing to do for the moment, stirs the fire, sweeps up the hearth, and taking her knitting, sits down with an air of infinite satisfaction at having found a listener to the story which she then and there begins to narrate.

"That young girl, sir," she says, "is no less a personage, than——but I won't say yet."

Then she looks at the artist to see if her words have created any interest in him, and, being satisfied by his expression, she proceeds:

"I dare say you know Brighton, sir, and if you do I dare say you know that in one way there isn't a wickeder place for its size in all England. Well, when we kept the Blue Anchor Tavern, up by the station, there comes into the bar one terribly wet and windy night in December a young girl drenched to the skin and looking very miserable.

"I could tell from the poor, tawdry attempts at finery about her dress what her position was, and I felt sorry to my heart at the sight, for she had a good face as well as a pretty one, and she seemed so sad and so young that I felt kindly-like towards her in a moment.

"I seemed somehow to be sure she couldn't be altogether bad—you understand me, sir—it all came over me like in an instant, directly I clapped eyes on her. My good man was down in the cellar at the time, and there were no customers about, for it was late—as who would be about on such a miserable night, if they could help it? So, presently, when I had served her with a little warm negus and a biscuit, for which she asked and paid, my heart bleeding for her more and more all the while, I said:

"'Won't you come in to the fire, and dry yourself a bit?'

"First she looked at me as though she couldn't believe her ears, and then she burst out crying. This quite upset me, and I made her come in, although she did not seem willing by any means to do so; still she sat down after a bit, but could not speak for her sobbing; and then I began to cry too.

"Well, I don't quite know what we said to each other after this, but in a minute or two she calmed down a little, and then asked me if I could give her a bed. She pulled out three shillings and said: "It's all I have, but I'd sooner do anything than leave this house to-night."

"Just then I heard my husband coming upstairs, and I went out of the parlor and met him, and told him straight what I'd done.

"'Well, missus,' he says, "you've done quite right: give the poor thing our top attic, and, what's more, don't take no money for it," and the long and the short of it was that she slept there. It was our barmaid's room, but we happened to be without one just then. Hearing this, she said to me in the morning:

"'In a sort of way I was brought up to service; my parents gave me a fair education as far as they could, and at fifteen I took a place as nursery governess here in Brighton. I wish I had never left it, God knows! and if you will give me something to do as your barmaid or anything, I will serve you with all my heart for nothing. I don't want any wages; I only want to get back to an honest life. I have not long been out of it, and perhaps it isn't too late, if you'd help me.'

"That girl, sir," continues the landlady after a pause, and drying her eyes which memory has moistened, "stayed with us over three years, and no one ever had an honester, better creature in their house in this world, I know, than she was. That photograph was done in our backyard one day whilst she was with us.

"The man—the artist I mean, sir, if you'll excuse my calling him so—took us all three, me and my husband as well, and you'll see the picture further on in the book, but never mind that. "Well, we found out all about her—not that there was much to find—and we grew quite fond of her, and she of us. She was just a poor lonely creature, a mere child, not above seventeen or so, even at that time; father and mother both dead, and not a soul in the wide world belonging to her. We couldn't afford to give her much wages, in fact she wouldn't take more than just a few shillings now and then.

"Things hadn't prospered with us, and they kept getting worse and worse, and when she'd been with us just over three years, as I say, my good man happened to hear, through some friend of his, that there was a barmaid's place vacant at 'The Royal Ocean Hotel,' and he says to her:

"'Jenny (that's her name), you go and apply for it; it's a good berth; I'll give you a character.' She didn't want to go at first, but we persuaded her to try and better herself.

"She had grown quite as handsome, beautiful girl as ever you clapped eyes on, sir, by this time, though always rather countrified-looking like, quite altered from what she was that dreadful night she came into our place at Brighton. You wouldn't have known her for the same person—nobody wouldn't have known her, sir; and I make no wonder at his not knowing her, but I'm getting on again too fast perhaps——"

A customer here entering, the landlady's narrative is interrupted for a few minutes; when she takes it up again she says:

"Where was I? Oh! I remember. So our Jenny got the situation, and did very well in it, as why should she not? being, what we knew her to be, honest, industrious and upright. We used to see her times again of course, for though things weren't, as I have said, going on very well with us, we made the best of them, and we were forced to stay on at the 'Blue Anchor.'

"Well, sir, I suppose she had been at the 'Royal Ocean' nigh upon two years, when one afternoon my husband, having been out all the morning, comes back home in a great fluster, with his face the color of chalk.

"'Whatever is the matter?' I cried. 'Matter, missus!' he says, 'I wouldn't have believed it, I can't believe it now; but they tell me at the 'Royal Ocean,' that Jenny is gone! Gone, they don't know where! Gone, these three days; and they were just coming up here to ask if we'd seen her!'

"Yes, sir, and it was a fact; they did not know quite when she was first missed, not the exact hour I mean. She had come to be head of the bar, kept the accounts and made out bills, you know. All of a sudden-like she was not there. They searched and searched—searched her room and found everything in order; nothing to give them a hint, except that her every-day out-door jacket and hat weren't there; but nobody had seen her go out, nobody knew a word about her.

"Then they looked to her accounts, expecting, I suppose, to find them all wrong, and that she had 'frisked the till'—the idea of Jenny doing such a thing, indeed!—and of course they found it all square—as I would have backed my life they would; I could have told them as much," and the landlady bridles with indignation at the thought of her 'protegee's' honesty being impugned: "No, sir! she was not that sort, they might have known.

"You can guess what a sorrow and trouble this was to me and my husband, and so it was to the people at the hotel, for they had grown a'most as fond of her as we were; and you can guess, too, that we all did all we could to find her. As the saying goes, we didn't leave a stone unturned; informed the police, advertised, offered a reward—everything! and all to no good.

"It was the opinion of some folks that she had made away with herself; but she wasn't that sort either, I knew that—besides, she had no call, she was well and happy a few days before. I never gave in to the thought that any mischief had come to her. I never doubted her, though my good man once or twice seemed to do so. Anyhow, it regularly broke us both down, it was like losing a child, and worse to us, perhaps, because we never had any of our own.

"'I can't stay here, missus, any longer,' at last said my husband to me one fine morning; 'I shall try and sell the remainder of our lease and the goodwill of the business,' and as I was nothing loth, he laid his plans accordingly, and we settled to go into the country somewhere; we had got to hate Brighton now.

"This was about three months after our poor girl disappeared. While we were all uncertain where we should go, there walks into the place one afternoon a young lawyer-like looking chap, and he says to my husband:

"'I believe you are thinking of going into business in the country, and if you like to take the "Nag's Head," at Ripplewell, I can put you in the way of doing so on easy terms. The house will be vacant in a month; you can go there, provided you ask no questions as to how it's to be managed, or who I am, or who my employers are—for the present that is; you will know all about it by-and-by.'

"Then the long and the short of it was, that after a lot of parleying and negotiations, which took a long time and all kept very secret, and which puzzled us you may be sure a good deal—but there! I need not trouble you with all this, sir—we came here on very easy terms as promised, that's enough; and we had been here nearly a year before we knew the rights of it."

"And the rights of it?" inquires Stratton, refilling his pipe as the landlady hesitates.

"Ah, sir!" she goes on, "we'd all along got some kind of notion into our heads that Jenny was at the bottom of it. I could not tell you why, sir; but we had! and we was right. You know Wildhope Hall, sir, there away—five miles off on the Portsmouth Road? Lord Beaufrey's place, I mean; but here, stop a bit; I'm going ahead too fast again.

"Well, one September morning, when we had been here not quite a year, as I was saying, I was looking after my poultry up there at the end of the field, and was just coming out of the henroost with a basket full of eggs, when I well-nigh dropped the lot of 'em from the shock of surprise my eyes had at that moment! Never shall I forget my sensations; for there, right in front, leaning over the palings looking straight at me, stood Jenny, and none other, sir! She wasn't ten yards off, and you might have knocked me down with a feather.

"At first I could not believe my eyes, but in another second I was holding her in my arms, and it was many minutes before either of us could speak for crying.

"Now, sir, I can't pretend, not having the power of speaking fluent-like, to tell you all we said to each other, nor half of it. But we went into the barn after a bit and sat down on the straw. She wouldn't go into the house, she said: 'No, not at present; not till I've told you a little. It's better to be out here, out of sight for a bit; it's lucky I found you here alone'—but there, sir! as I said before, I can't pretend to do more than tell you in my own way just what her story was, and—she did look so beautiful! and so much better than I'd ever seen her, and yet so simple-looking like, I couldn't take my eyes off her. I kept thinking what a difference from that first night I ever saw her, nobody would have known her for the same—and I make no wonder he didn't know her."

"He?" interrupted Stratton; "who is he? You have spoken of a mysterious 'he' once before; I am anxious to know you are driving at."

"Ah, well, sir, I'm getting on still too fast, and perhaps I'd better tell you right out at once and have done with it. 'He,' sir, was my Lord Beaufrey up at Wildhope Hall yonder. It seems he went to stay at the 'Royal Ocean' when she had been there a year or so. He saw her somewhere about the place, at the desk in the office I suppose, I don't exactly know, but he fell straight away in love with her, aye, straight away honestly in love with her, and it ended in his asking her to marry him.

"But she refused him; she was too good at heart to listen to such a thing from any man in his position, at any rate without telling him all about herself first; she was too sensible and upright I say. But there was another reason why she refused him at first, and this is the curiousest part of the whole story. She had recognized him at once, although he didn't know her a bit, altered and improved for the better as she was."

The landlady hesitates once more, and the artist looks at her inquiringly.

"Yes, sir," presently continues the kind-hearted woman, with the air of pride at the way in which she is telling her tale; "yes, sir, she recognized him as the rackety young swell who, when he was knocking about Brighton, as they call it, some years before, deceived her, and was the cause of her having to leave her situation as nursery governess. Yes, sir, the self-same man, and none other, but he had clean forgotten her, mere child as she was at that time, and all the circumstances, though she remembered him well enough."

"Well, and what did she do?" asks Mark; "did she tell him who she was?"

"Not for a long while, sir; she didn't know what to do. But by-and-by, when she had thought it all well over, she says to herself something in this way:—'I can't marry him without telling him, that's certain, and if I do tell him, and it makes any difference in his feelings towards me, why, then, that settles it, and I should be well rid of him. But if he's in downright honest earnest, and really wants to marry me, it won't make any difference to him at all, but rather the other way.'

"Of course you see, sir, it was the honorable, proper thing for him to do; and he would be glad to have the chance of making reparation for his sin. It would give her a sight of the true man, and would show her what stuff he was made of: if he married her then she might be quite sure he loved her. This is how Jenny argued, and she was right, wasn't she, sir?"

Mark nods in reply.

"So she tells him. He is a bit startled at first of course, but it only strengthens his love for her, and he was proud of the chance of making her his wife.

"'But it must all be done very quietly,' he says to Jenny; 'you must come straight away without letting anybody know where you are gone, for a time, not a word to a soul. You slip out at such and such a time on such and such a day; leave everything behind you. I'll have a special licence ready; we'll get married and go right away abroad for a year.'

"She begged hard he would let her tell me, but he wouldn't hear of it. 'No, Jenny,' he said, 'not till it's all over; I'll make my lawyers look after your good friends. They shan't want for anything and when we come back you shall go and see them, and tell them all about it.'

"And he was good as his word, sir; they hadn't been home up at the Hall more than two days before that morning when Jenny came down to me, and met me coming out of the hen-roost.

"She had driven down in her little pony-chaise and left it with the groom at the other end of the village. Then she comes along on foot to the 'Nag's Head,' asks for me and our man tells her where I am. This is how it all came about, sir, and there isn't a happier couple going than they are, I know, whatever the world may say, and of course the world says a good deal. It may be kind of awkward-like for them sometimes I don't doubt, but then, you see, his lordship says he shall live it all down in time: that's his expression, and being a lord and in that sort of position he won't have as much trouble to do it as humbler folks might.

"So they don't stay much at Wildhope at present. They are mostly abroad now, I reckon, and will be until, as his lordship says, time shall make the world forget a little who my lady was. Not that he's the

sort of man to care much what people say. He don't care much for society as it is called; he's all for the country and sport; he's turned quite domestic, too, which, being so fond of his wife, is but natural. But it's a funny thing, isn't it, sir? and never would have happened I suppose, except for my being overcome like at the sight of her face that night. It seems to me it's a good thing sometimes to let your feelings have their way."

"Lord Beaufrey then it was, who, knowing your share in the good work, put you into this house, I suppose," suggests Mark Stratton.

"Oh, yes, and never minds talking to us about it; if he did, I shouldn't be talking to you about it; he don't seem to care who knows it, in fact he seems proud of having had the chance of making such honorable reparation for the past," says the landlady, "for whatever he might have been when thoughtless and young and racketty-like, there isn't a righter-minded, kindlier gentleman living now than he is. Jenny—my lady, I mean—always says I have been more than a mother to her. But Lor' bless you, sir, it was only my feelings, all the work of a minute, don't you know."

Writing for Life.

BY R. A. L.

MY DEAR Tom, I speak to you not only as an old friend, but as a medical man; and I see that it is quite necessary for you to have complete and perfect rest for some weeks. You have been overdoing it in nursing that old uncle in the country for the last three months, and, to my own knowledge, have taken the last train down there at night and the first train to town in the morning, and have consequently not had a good night's rest for all that time. How can a man stand it, added to your hospital work all day, without suffering from it? Don't you feel to require rest?"

"Not the least in the world," returned Raven. "Oddly enough, the nursing seems to have done me good. I confess to having felt thoroughly knocked up some six weeks since; but I battled bravely against the feeling, won the victory, and now I'm as fresh as paint and up to work better than ever."

"You don't look it. I repeat, you look thoroughly worn out. But you know your own business and state of health; and, now your uncle is gone and has left you a pot-ful of money, you can take things easily."

"Yes, old boy, I'm game for anything—mind and body first-class; and I intend to stick to my hospital work. It's very good of you, Jack, to take an interest in my health and all that, but say no more about it, I beg."

"I promise to say nothing to nobody."

Raven and I were at the same hospital—St. Lazarus—where he held a medical and I a surgical appointment. We were both hard worked, often day and night; and my time and attention, for about three months after the above conversation, were so fully occupied and engrossed that I thought no more of the occurrence.

Raven looked in good health, and was very successful—indeed he bade fair to rise in a short time to great eminence in the profession. He was immensely popular with every one. His gray hair and bright blue eyes and healthy florid complexion, combined with a frank, open, and hearty manner in speaking, made him a friend with everybody, and inspired confidence in all his patients as well as in all his friends.

As nearly as I can recollect, it must have been about three months after his uncle died that Raven came up to me one day in the hospital.

"I've just received a summons to Exeter," said he. "The family is wealthy and influential; and, from what I know of the case I've been called there to attend, I am sure it's more of a surgical than a medical one. It will be an excellent chance for you, Lawson; and I can promise you a good fee to begin with. Therefore, if you can possibly manage it, meet me at Paddington this evening at half-past nine, and we will go down together by the express. Send me word during the afternoon if you can come or not."

I hesitated. It was the depth of winter, and I hardly liked leaving my wife and a most important baby; but fees were scarce—this was a golden opportunity not to be rashly neglected. I decided to risk my wife's disappointment.

"It is most kind of you, Tom. I will certainly go down with you. So far as I can see, there will be nothing to prevent my doing so."

A gleam of satisfaction shone in his bright blue eyes.

"You promise?"

"Unless anything unforeseen should happen to prevent me, I will be at the station by half-past nine."

"Remember!"

Raven was dramatically impressive, I thought, as we parted; and I arranged my work so as to be able to keep my appointment. The hardest task was breaking the news to Amy, who would be low-spirited and conjure up all kinds of horrors and impending railway accidents, and who finally dissolved in a shower of tears as I tore myself away, burthened with no end of rugs and comforters to alleviate in some measure the moral wet blanket she had thrown over me.

I was only just in time to catch Raven, who hastily opened the door of the railway carriage.

"Jump in, Jack, jump in! Half-a-crown to the guard has secured this compartment for us all the way down; so we shall have it to ourselves without fear of interruption. Time's up; you have run it fine. Fire away!"

He flung in my bag and the several rugs, "et caters," and we entered. The guard touched his hat and shut the door with a bang.

"This door is unlocked, guard?" said I.

"Yes, sir; side nearest the platform is always unlocked. The other door is locked."

He whistled, and the train started.

"I can't bear the idea of both doors being locked," I remarked to Raven. "In case of accident it would be impossible to escape from the carriage."

"It doesn't matter," he said, and then relapsed into silence.

For about twenty minutes he remained opposite to me, sometimes with his eyes closed, sometimes with them fixed upon me in a most unpleasant manner. All my endeavors to draw him into conversation failed, and after a time I gave them up and also relapsed into silence.

Suddenly he rose from his seat and drew from the inside of his overcoat a long and pointed knife, which flashed ominously in the lamplight.

"Jack Lawson, we must both of us die to-night," said he calmly and deliberately, without any excitement of manner. "I feel that the time has come for us both to quit this vale of tears."

"Yes; I quite agree with you, Tom Raven," I replied—seeing what had happened—in as calm a voice as his own. "I have long thought that life was becoming very undesirable; and, to leave it in your company, with you, my oldest and warmest friend, would be the most agreeable thing to me that could happen. But—you are not married, Tom."

"Thank Heaven, no!"

"Remember, I am married; and, had you given me notice of this wish of yours before starting, I would have made arrangements and have spoken to my wife to prepare her. Have you made your will?"

"No, I have not."

"Good Heaven, man, not made your will! Tom, it is absolutely necessary for both of us to make our wills before we die. I have not made mine, and should not like to leave the world with the chance of my wife and child having to go to the workhouse or be chargeable on the parish after my death. You would wish to leave your money to some one in particular—is it not so?"

"Of course I should like to leave my money properly—of course—yes! I never thought of making my will."

"You must also remember, Tom, that it would never do to die deliberately, in the way we both wish to die, without leaving to the world our reason for the act. You would not wish your name to be a by-word and the cause of derision to any one, I am sure; and I am certain I don't wish my own to be so. Therefore we must draw out our reasons for dying."

"Do you know, Jack, I never thought of that?"

"Well, then, first put your knife down on the cushion there, and then we will set to work. I've plenty of paper in my bag and plenty of lead in my pencil, and we've the whole night before us."

A tremble of my hand, a quiver in my voice, would have been fatal. I opened the bag and drew forth the writing paper. The knife was on the cushion at my side.

"Now, Tom, let us first state our reasons to the world for wishing to die to-night by our own hands. If you will dictate to me your reasons, I will write them down, and then we will revise and correct them. After that, I will dictate my own to you and you shall write them. We shall be able to do our work well and quickly."

"Quite right, Jack; we ought to give them our reasons. How odd that I never thought of that! Let me see; if I kill you first, I might write them out afterwards."

"Ah, but who will write out mine? Don't be selfish, there's a good chap!"

"To be sure! Well, are you ready?"

He began dictating long and flowery sentences. Now and again I interrupted his flow of language to gain time. This kept him thoroughly occupied and interested, while the train sped on at express rate. He had nearly finished his long rambling dictation, when, to my inexpressible delight, I felt the speed of the train gradually slackening. I knew my chance of deliverance was near.

"Read over for yourself what I have written," I said to him. "The carriage is very close—a little fresh air will do us good. I will make any corrections you may require."

I sat on the knife and reached over to lower the glass. A slight fumbling necessitated my rising to manage better, and the knife was in my left hand concealed under my coat. I turned round to look at my poor friend, and saw him trying intently to read my scribble by the light of the lamp, seemingly unconscious of the stopping of the train. In another moment the glass descended, the knife dropped upon the platform, my hand was thrust through the window and on the handle of the door. The train nearly stopped as I jumped out, shut the door, and held the handle firmly. Poor Raven even then was quite engrossed with what I had written for him. I called the guard, and secretly and quietly the porters were assembled on the platform at the door of the carriage.

"Come, Tom, this is Swindon! Let us have a cup of coffee!" I called to him through the window.

In that moment the spell was broken. I saw him look for his knife, then rush to the window at the opposite side; but we were too quick and too powerful for him. The guard, two porters, and I jumped into the carriage, and he was secured.

My best friend, with a brilliant future before him, and in the ripe portion of his life, was a raving lunatic, and has remained hopelessly so—insane from that time—one of many victims to over-work.

I need scarcely add that the case which Raven had represented to me as calling him to Exeter was an entire fabrication, and was invented by him as part of the scheme which, in his madness, he had no doubt seriously imagined would be for the benefit of both of us.

I frequently go to the asylum where he is to inquire after him; but the mention of my name brings on such a violent aggravation of his disease that I am not allowed to see him. Poor Raven! I fear I shall never see him again!

That terrible night can never be effaced from my memory, and I can never sufficiently congratulate myself on having so fortunately thought of the expedient which answered so admirably—Writing for Life.

THE CONDUCTOR.—A singular discovery has been made at the Odeon Theatre, Paris. From time to time the sound of hammering has been heard apparently coming from the roof of the theatre. The other night the new manager, M. Le Rounat, heard it during the performance of Britannicus. Inquiries were made. "It is the cobbler," said a scene shifter. The manager and the stage-manager looked at each other in astonishment. "What cobbler?" Inquiries were made of the door-keeper. "Yes, it is the cobbler." "What cobbler?" The "concierge" did not know. Guided by the noise, the manager arrived at a little room with a skylight. In it indeed there was a cobbler, working gaily enough. "Who are you?" asked the manager. "I am the cobbler." "Again!" The cobbler was requested to clear out. The question now was how he had got there. Everybody knew him by sight. At last one of the oldest members of the theatre traced the cobber back to the days of George Sand's piece, Les Beaux Messieurs du Bois-dore. A great many boots were needed in this piece. At the dress rehearsal most of the boots were found too small. The stage-manager sent for a cobbler, and, in order to prevent the noise of his hammering from interrupting the rehearsal, he had been sent upstairs to enlarge the boots. He had remained there twenty years. The people in the theatre had been accustomed to see him with his leather apron; and, as he interfered with nobody, nobody interfered with him.

THE cloven foot is often covered with patent leather.

Scientific and Useful.

THE TOBACCO PLANT.—A new use for the tobacco plant is said to have been discovered. Its stem and waste, it is claimed, are equal to linen rags in the manufacture of paper.

LIFE-BOAT.—A new life-boat has been invented which rights immediately under all circumstances. A successful trial has been made, and no doubt all life-boats will soon be altered to this model.

SLIPLESS NEEDLE.—A needle has been invented out of which the thread will never slip while sewing. The thread is fastened in the eye, and yet does not make a bunch, nor catch as it is drawn through the cloth.

WRIST WATCH.—A novel idea is a watch set in a leather bracelet to be worn round the wrist. It will be found very useful to the fair sex, as it obviates the necessity of disarranging the dress to ascertain the time.

THIEF DETECTOR.—A Chicago man has recently taken out a patent for an electric pickpocket and coat thief detector, which apparatus is intended, automatically, to sound an alarm bell whenever the wearer's personal property is interfered with.

ARTIFICAL GRANITE.—The raw material is made up of pieces of glass, silica, etc., which are partly fused in a furnace. After this fusing operation, chips of china, porcelain, enamel, or other similar vitrifiable matter—together with pigments if desired—are added.

WATERPROOF.—A patent has been obtained for the manufacture of waterproof paper. It will be no uncommon thing by-and-by to carry ices home from a confectioner's in paper bags, but care should be taken not to sit upon them while riding in your four-in-hand.

ELECTRICITY.—A well-known electrician pledges his scientific reputation to the accuracy of the following observation:—If two glasses of water be placed, one upon the north pole of a powerful magnet and the other upon the south pole, in four or five minutes the former acquires a slight alkaline reaction, while that on the south pole becomes slightly acid.

Farm and Garden.

WEEDS.—Such weeds as purslaine, pigweed, ragweed, etc., are serviceable. Throw them into the pigpen. Waste nothing that can be made serviceable.

FOR MARKET.—Attractive fruit, providing they are also good, have always a recommendation,—and even interior fruit when they put up nicely, will attract the eye and get customers when articles of better quality are neglected.

FRUIT TREE BORERS.—These troublesome pests of the fruit grower do not like to work where the fruit grower paints the trunks near the ground with cart-grease that is made up of a portion of pine tar. Some employ gas tar, but this often does great injury.

EDUCATION.—Education among farmers is progressing rapidly. It is now known that a farmer may be a scientist, with plenty of room on his farm for observation and experiment. The best farmers not only aim to make discoveries, but they read with interest of the work done by others.

POULTRY.—The most neglected industry on the farm is poultry-raising. Even the fair managers fail to appreciate the value of the poultry interest, the premiums offered being often less than for a prize cabbage. Yet there is no greater profit, in proportion to capital invested, than is derived from poultry on the farm.

DESTRUCTION OF INSECTS.—Insects generally breathe through special pores in various parts of their body, and if these pores are closed by oil they are suffocated. Any one may test this by dropping sweet oil on the thorax or back of a wasp; it very soon dies. For this reason oil has been found one of the best things to use for the destruction of insects.

THE SUREST REMEDY IS CHEAPEST, because it is sure in cases wherever any remedy can be helpful; hence, with puny, feeble children—where strength, appetite and spirits are wanting—the tonic properties of Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge—given in tonic doses—will be found invaluable. No remedy of the kind has been so long in use, none been so thoroughly tested, and none is to-day held in higher estimation by the thousands of families in which it has been used. Sold by all Druggists.

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As to Secrets.

The secret which is all our own, is often a source of torment to us; when it belongs to somebody else however it has an irresistible charm for most people, and to obtain possession of it is almost a necessity for some persons. "I'd give anything," they say, others more emphatic declare that they would give all they possess to know it.

The how, why, and when of things which in no way concern him, will often preoccupy an individual more than his own affairs; such an amount of curiosity have we inherited from Mother Eve!

There is the trade secret. This is generally well concealed from the uninitiated, who can, however, divine the importance of it from the relative results. When articles of any kind are sold at a fabulously low price, we "wonder how they can do it;" and even after discovering various imperfections in the purchase, there is still room for wonder. Only the employer and employed know exactly "how they can do it;" we outsiders can but guess the secret.

And when a thing is sold outrageously dear, it is sometimes wondered, too, "how can they do it?" However, they do it—to their own satisfaction naturally, and to that of some of their customers likewise; to those, namely, who like being flattered into the idea that only articles of exorbitant price are worthy of their means. Such ideas are eminently good for the trade.

There is a regular and irregular form of trade secret. The former is represented by those mysterious letters and figures which explain nothing at all to the purchaser, but frequently impress him with the conviction that he is being cheated somehow. The latter is comprehended in the mutual understanding between tradesman and servant, to take off a little here and put on a little there, to the advantage of both parties, the consent of the master or mistress to the transaction not being taken into consideration.

The ingenious plan which some tradespeople have of pricing their wares higher than they expect to sell them, in order to satisfy habitual bargaining customers is scarcely a secret now; if practised everywhere, however, it would have the effect of making us all bargainers. The system of fixed prices, when really adhered to, gives less trouble.

Neither is the prize plan a catch any more, for every one knows that it is paid for in the augmented price of the things purchased.

The charlatan has his secret also, as his customers find out when they get home; and notwithstanding this, some of them run after every cheap jack they see, as though they liked being taken in.

The conjurer, again, is made up of secrets; which fact makes him a very interesting personage, whether on or off the stage; at the same time it is almost impossible to put confidence in anything he says. In vain he impresses upon you that he has nothing at all concealed about his person, and not a pocket or false sleeve in which to hide it, if he would; you know by experience that the words are hardly out of his mouth, when he is grasping a large bowl of fish in his hands, or balancing a bird cage, or tenderly caressing half-a-dozen pigeons.

In vain he endeavors to make you believe also that the ring you have placed in his plate is still there a minute afterwards; you think you see it in the plate, it is true; but so long as it is in his possession, you refuse to credit even your own eyes; still less, therefore, the conjuror's word.

And when he kindly volunteers to explain the secret of his tricks, slowly and carefully as he may illustrate them, the movement which constitutes the magic is performed so adroitly as to be imperceptible to the spectator, and again you are taken in.

How is it possible, then, to place confidence in such an individual? If you stop to speak with him in the street, you expect to see your walking stick change into an umbrella, or to have things extracted from your pocket which you never put into it, and finally to see the magician disappear into a passing carriage at the same instant he is shaking hands with you at parting. The conjuror's secret is really an aggravating one at the same time that it amuses.

The professional secret is another thing altogether from the foregoing. The doctor, the lawyer, and the minister are sworn to secrecy, and although certain members of these professions have considered themselves freed from their oath, after renouncing their office, all right-minded persons will agree that they were wrong in coming to such a conclusion.

If the oath be no longer binding because the priest has thrown aside his robes, who confess themselves should at least be made aware of the fact; otherwise their secret is in no safer keeping than was that of Labiche's individual who says, "They told me this in confidence. I repeat it to you in secret."

According to the French law, "Doctors, surgeons, and other medical officers, as well as the chemists, midwives, and all persons depositary by profession and condition of secrets confided to them, if found revealing the same, shall be punished with six months or a year's imprisonment, and a fine of 100f. or 150f."

Labiche is right in his satire on human nature, for in spite of all that may be believed to the contrary, men have frequently proved themselves as incapable of being burdened with a secret as women are reputed to be, and legislators have evidently considered it their duty to correct this human infirmity as far as possible when discovered in any of the members referred to. But the betrayal of a confessional secret has always been severely condemned by the French ecclesiastical court.

The difficulties the doctor has to contend with owing to the secrecy by which he is bound are probably greater and more numerous than those of other professional members. Whatever he may know of an unfavorable nature, in obedience to his vow, he ought not reveal it, in spite of all consequences. And, as we know, rarely does a medical man tell the whole truth either to his patients or their relatives; for which humane discretion he is more often abused than thanked, however.

THE real force of personality consists chiefly in its constant upward growth. The spiritual energy which lies at the core of a man's being and inspires all his faculties will, if healthy and sound, increase and strengthen. And, just as the tree grows by assimilating the elements that nourish it; just as the body grows by the reception of food, which, by the process of digestion, is turned into flesh and bone and blood; so the individuality which each man and woman calls "I" must grow, if at all, by assimilating into its own being its proper nutriment from outside of itself.

GRUMBLERS are of all people the most depressing. It is not necessary for you yourself to be personally found fault with to make it worse than misery to be with them. It is the atmosphere they create about themselves, the life they give you to lead. And when their cross humor translates itself into personal displeasure and quarrelling over trifles, then are they the very scourges of their time and place, and no one can be blamed who tries to escape from them.

No man should do more work of muscle or of brain in a day than he can perfectly recover from the fatigue of in a good night's rest. Up to that point exercise is good; beyond are waste of life, exhaustion, and decay. When hunger calls for food and fatigue demands rest, we are in the natural order, and keep the balance of life. When we take stimulants to spur our jaded nerves or cite an appetite, we are wasting life.

THE mere sentimental and slothful indulgence of feeling or emotion always wears out even its own capacity. Just as a muscle or an organ of the body that is never put to any use contracts, loses power, and fully withers up, so the sensitiveness that does not quicken thought and imagination, that does not teach any lesson or suggest any duty, gradually loses even its own power of impressibility.

A PRETTY face and an amiable manner may win a husband, but something more is necessary to retain his admiration. When beauty begins to wane, the enduring qualifications of a good wife hold him in the bonds of love and duty; and one of the best qualifications of a good wife is the ability and inclination to make home attractive.

EVERY man is a divinity in disguise, a god playing the fool. It seems as if heaven had sent its insane angels into our world as to an asylum. And here they will break out into their native music, and utter at intervals the words they have heard in heaven, then the mad fit returns, and they mope and wallow like dogs!

EVERY enterprise of life, from the simplest to the most complex, has its necessary drudgery. On the faithful performance of this is founded all true success; and only those who are willing to bear the burden with courage, energy, and perseverance have any right to expect prosperity.

OBSERVATION and experience combine to teach us how small a part of the incidents which chequer life can be foretold. Therefore it becomes the wise to enjoy with equanimity or to suffer with fortitude whatever happens.

SOME persons are born with a strong natural instinct to be just. But it is also a habit of mind which may be increased and improved by study and reflection, and which should be sedulously cultivated.

ACTION is, after all, the main business of our lives—we are to work "while it is day;" and thought is worth nothing unless it lead to and embody itself in practice.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

ANXIOUS.—Were you to meet a friend walking with a gentleman he would raise his hat first on such an occasion, and you should certainly acknowledge the courtesy on his part by a slight bow. But you need not bow afterwards unless he had been introduced to you.

MOMME.—The twinkling of the stars is due to certain conditions of the atmosphere; but the matter is still under investigation and the true cause unknown. Your society should not propound such questions. If the matter is known, it can be answered from a book; if unknown, nothing but physical investigation can lead to a satisfactory result.

GENEVIEVE.—The age attained by certain of the animal creation is very great. That attained by the elephant and the whale may amount to about 400 years—like some of our great forest trees, but as a rule to upwards of 100. When Alexander the Great conquered Porus, king of India, he captured an elephant which had attacked him, and placed a metal band round his leg, with an inscription recording the date when he was set at liberty, and 350 years subsequently, the elephant was found still wearing the historical bracelet! Common domestic animals live but a few years. The dog and cat live from about twelve to fourteen years.

WEAVER.—Soft iron is easiest to magnetise, but steel retains the magnetism best. Proceed in either case as follows. Lay the piece of metal on a table, and, taking a magnet, draw one pole along the piece to be magnetised from end to end; then repeat this operation forty or fifty times, always using the same pole of the magnet and drawing it the same way. Or take two magnets, and place the south pole of the one and the north of the other on the centre of the strip to be magnetised; then draw them apart along the strip till they reach the ends. Repeat this operation as above, always using the same poles in the same direction.

MONA.—You enquire the origin of the universal superstition respecting the misfortunes attending the spilling of salt. Salt was considered, in ancient times, as incorruptible, and was therefore adopted as the symbol of friendship; and the eating of anyone's salt laid an obligation on the guest to act as a friend, and to do otherwise was thus rendered an act of treachery. Thus, if the salt were upset, it was supposed that a rupture of the friendly feeling and alliance was to be apprehended. In the celebrated fresco painting by Leonardo da Vinci, of the Passover, followed by the Last Supper of our Lord and His Twelve Apostles, Judas, who sits at the spectator's left, with his face turned away, is represented as having upset the salt.

MARY.—The locusts spoken of as the chief food of St. John the Baptist, during his sojourn in the wilderness, are believed to have been the edible pods of the tree so named. Here they are called by some St. John's bread—otherwise, locust beans; and it is said that an effervescing beer has been produced from them and sold. Another kind of locust tree is a native of the West Indies; and there is an American false acacia likewise known by this name. In some parts of Australia there is a butterfly which is employed by the aborigines for food when fried in large quantities; but we do not think that locusts (the insects resembling the grasshoppers), are eaten in any part of the world.

P. P. P.—The pericardium is a conical membranous sac, containing the heart and the commencement of the great vessels, to the extent of about two inches from their origin. It is placed with its apex upwards behind the sternum, and to its left side, in the interval between the pleuræ—the serous sacs in which the lungs are enclosed; while its base is attached to the diaphragm. It is a fibro-serous membrane, consisting of an external fibrous and an internal serous layer. The fibrous layer is a strong, dense, fibrous membrane; the serous layer invests the heart, and is then reflected on the inner surface of the fibrous layer. Like all serous membranes, it is a closed sac; its inner surface is smooth and glistening, and secretes a thin fluid which serves to facilitate the natural movements of the heart. It is inflammation of this serous sac which constitutes the disease known as pericarditis.

R. B. C.—There are certain books which, by reason of their superior excellence, have lasted for ages upon ages, such as those of the old Greek authors. Next to them in age and eminence come the writings of the renowned Latin authors. Then, in Christendom, we have Dante, and, later on, Shakspeare, Milton, Addison, Pope, Johnson, and many others, whose works last, and are read by every generation, because they are written in a style so excellent, and contain such valuable and pleasing thoughts, as to give pleasure and instruction to people of succeeding ages. A book written in such a style, and containing thoughts of such value and attractiveness, is a classical work; that is, it is a work of superior value, excellence, and lastingness. The same principles apply to music. A musical composition which pleases musicians and those who are most familiar with the best music, and holds its popularity for generations, is classical. Time alone can determine whether a literary or musical work is actually classical; but when the best judges find a new work to be constructed on the principles which have given lasting popularity to those books or musical compositions whose worth is undisputed, they are justified in saying that the new work is a classical one, although time may finally show that they erred in judgment.

TELL ME, DEAR HEART!

BY S. U. W.

Have shadows come 'twixt thee and me?
Tell me, dear heart.
Were our sweet vows but idle breath?
Does Love—our Love—lie cold in death?
Ah, would we have our vows unsaid?
Tell me, dear heart.

Oh, turn aside those troubled eyes!
Listen, dear heart.
Love waits to waken at a glance.
Shall we arouse him from his trance?
Or wouldst thou that we live our lives
For e'er apart?

Transplanted.

BY IDA MAIL.

THE "Orontes" was timed to leave Sydney for Portsmouth with the crew of the "Pygmalion" in the middle of March; and as Kate Anstey was to be married to the "Pygmalion's" captain before then, it was not too much to expect the young lady to fix the date of her wedding-day when the first of January came around. She was not a very unreasonable girl, but she had so happy a home that she didn't want to leave it one moment before it appeared necessary to do so. So Captain Bannister approached his fiancee and the subject with becoming gravity, and fortified with at least seven good reasons in favor of 'an early settlement,' as the duns say; but he was quite conscious that Kitty was capable of upsetting the gravity, turning the reasons into ridicule and himself round her finger. However, his task was easier than he imagined. For something had just occurred to render her home less dear to her—only for a moment, it is true—and she was thus enabled to contemplate as endurable the prospect of an existence in a strange country. A careless groom had that morning damaged her horse so badly that the poor brute had just been shot.

With sobs she told her lover what had happened. When she was calm, and could talk of other things, he broached the subject which he had at heart.

"Marry you, General!" she said in a voice chastened by her recent grief. "Oh, yes, I don't think I care much when I marry you now. Anyhow, England can't be worse than Sydney without Bucephalus. When do you want it to be? Not too soon, you know. It would be so unfeeling.

"Well say the 14th of February. No later, certainly.

"Why, that's Valentine's Day! Do you know, I think it would be a very nice day," said Kate, pleased by the coincidence, and wondering whether Captain Bannister had hit upon the date by chance or not.

At any rate, on the feast of St. Valentine they were married.

The Anstoys had come out to Australia five-and-twenty years ago, and had never returned to England since, for until lately they had not been prosperous colonists. Kate's father was a younger son of a Sussex squire, and had married the rector's daughter, as the more imprudent sort of younger son is wont to do; so there was nothing for it but emigration. Kate was just twenty-one when she was married, a tall, fair girl, very pretty and high-spirited, a little spoilt, and a great favorite.

Captain the Honorable Gerald Bannister, on the other hand, was forty-two, tall, dark, and reserved; a smart officer and liked on board his ship. He certainly did not belong to the slap-you-on-the-back, old-sea-dog class of naval man, and seriously resented the familiar behavior and uproarious chaff of such as did; which over-refinement or fastidiousness made him a few enemies, who said he put too much "side" on. But their criticism did him not the slightest harm.

His father, Lord Broadstairs, had been a sailor before him; indeed, from generation to generation the Bannisters had furnished the Royal Navy with officers more or less distinguished. Not one of them, however, had up to this married a foreigner or colonial—an outsider of any description, in fact, and it was something of a shock to hear that he was bringing home an Australian bride.

His sisters braced themselves up to receive her in such a manner as should convince her of their kind intentions, but some managed to overdo the part a little, and succeeded only in conveying to their sister-in-law the idea that they were gushing humbugs. How could they, she asked herself, who had never set eyes on her before, really care for her as they professed to do? It was ridiculous.

So she set them down as insincere, and clothed herself in a garment of prickly reserve very baffling to them in their honest desire to be kind to her; and her husband did not urge her to make friends with them, fancying that she would get off best without interference from him. But it was a pity; for they were nice girls and would have been of great use to her later on.

Partly through interest, and partly through his undeniable qualifications for the post, Bannister was offered and accepted an appointment at the Admiralty. This necessitated his taking a small house in town, and very soon Kate found herself launched in Society, the Society, which, like the names of the Muses, the Seasons, and the Cardinal Points, is, or ought to be, spelt with a capital letter. She was, if anything, prettier than before her marriage; she dressed charmingly, and had been remarked on the occasion of her presentation at Court. At first she found her new life delightful. She was so naive in her enjoyment of dinner parties, plays, and exhibitions, the Row, the River, and the shops, so frankly pleased by the compliments paid her, and so intensely interested in the decoration of her little house in Cadogan Place, that her husband fancied she was already acclimatised, and congratulated himself upon so happy a condition of affairs. It is true that she found herself a little out of her element when she was left to the tender mercies of a half a dozen Society women at tea-time, whose very language was a puzzle to her, and who talked of politics, the Divorce Court, and the Paris fashions with equal fluency and assurance, while she sat by in silence. But until she had been going out for about six weeks, she was fortunate enough to escape hearing ugly scandals discussed in full conclave.

She and her husband were dining one evening at the house of his cousin Lord Sabledon, an old man now, but one whose morals at no time rivalled his manners, and fell lamentably short of his mental capacity. It was advisable, however, to stand well with him, for he was undoubtedly a power in the country. A cause celebre, abounding in disagreeable details, furnished for the most part in the evidence of well-known members of Society, had been brought that day to a conclusion, and not a guest at Lord Sabledon's table save Kate Bannister had arrived in ignorance of the result. All the news boys in London had been shouting, "Verdict for the Plaintig—5,000l. damages," as the Bannisters drove through the streets, but she neither understood what they said, nor cared to inquire. Very soon she was enlightened.

"What do you think of the verdict?" her neighbor began as they sat down to dinner.

"Verdict on what? she asked."

"Oh! the Ditchwater case."

"I don't know anything about it," she said shortly, crimsoning as she spoke, for she had heard the case discussed ad nauseam by some of her new acquaintances of the fair sex. Her companion accordingly started the more harmless topic of atmospheric phenomena—a shower they had both been caught in that morning, and the chances of fine weather for the Eton and Harrow match; but their dialogue was wanting in animation, presently it languished and finally collapsed, and, as the party was a small one, they found themselves listening—one willingly, the other most unwillingly—to Lord Sabledon as he laid down the law on the very subject which poor Kate had wished to avoid.

"As there are no unmarried ladies present," he observed, bestowing a gracious leer upon Kate, "I need not apologise for discussing this most interesting case." And forth with the old wretch plunged with evident satisfaction into an animated argument with a learned and witty Q. C., to Kate's inexpressible misery and her husband's annoyance and discomfiture. Her cup was full when, turning towards her, Lord Sabledon remarked affably, "And what do you think of it all, my dear Mrs. Bannister? Ladies as charming as yourself naturally take a keen interest in these matters.

"I detest the whole business," Kate answered vehemently; "and if such things happen in Australia, we don't talk about them in Society.',

"O-o-oh!" said his lordship, "I'm quite aware that virtue in all its forms has found a home in Australia, but I had no notion that there was any Society there."

There was a laugh at the great man's wit, and Captain Bannister, who was seated almost opposite to his wife, managed to give her a warning glance which meant that she must not continue to skirmish with her host. So, with frantic haste, she began to admire the floral decorations of the dinner-table, which were in execrable taste, protesting that the purple blossoms of the bougainvillea harmonised exquisitely with the huge heads of scarlet geraniums in the specimen glasses and the pale blue plumbago which meandered raggedly over the table cloth. How she got through the rest of the evening she did not know. She felt she had made herself ridiculous, and, but for the friendly encouragement of Lady St. Ronan, a somewhat noisy American, who came and sat by her after dinner, she could almost have cried. If Bannister had been wise he would have said nothing but what was kind and soothing to his wife until the soreness of defeat had left her. But he was really put out by what had occured; for to a conventionally minded man it is a greater blow to see his wife commit a social blunder than wilfully blind herself to a breach of propriety. No sooner were they in the brougham than Kate turned to him for sympathy.

"Gerald," she began, "wasn't Lord Sabledon too detestible?"

"Too detestible for what?"

"Oh, too detestible for anything! to talk like that before ladies."

"You were the only lady who raised any objection."

"More shame for the others: they were as bad as he was."

"My dear child, I admit that the conversation took an awkward turn; but you don't understand."

"Don't understand what?"

"The usages of Society." Bannister was sorry before the words were out of his mouth.

"You mean that I am a savage?"

"Of course I don't mean anything of the sort. I only wish to imply that when you are a little older you won't be so eager to reform Society, especially by falling foul of your host and citing Sydney Society as a bright and shining example."

"You know yourself it is nicer than this."

"Well—I should hardly say pleasanter than London Society. It is very well in a colonial way."

"Gerald, how can you? You thought it very pleasant once."

"Of course I did when you were there."

But Kate was not to be mollified by so unavoidable a concession. I sha'n't go to any more parties," she resumed.

"Oh, yes, you will."

"How can I when you are ashamed of me?"

"My dear Kate, don't be so unreasonable; you have been a little unwise this evening, and succeeded in making several people feel uncomfortable, myself among the number, and now you are in a rage with Society, and are going to forswear it. Do you think you or Society will be the greater sufferer?"

"You want me to say that I shall; but I don't think anyone would be much the worse."

"I should certainly not go out without you."

"In that case I will go; not because my presence can be any gratification to you (my colonialism must make you shudder); but I will not stand in your way of enjoying Lord Sabledon's company."

"Do you suppose we shall ever dine there again?" her husband asked with some irritation.

Bannister knew his wife was right, although she had made a mistake in speaking to Lord Sabledon as she had done. Now he had seriously wounded her pride by that unlucky remark about her ignorance of the usages of Society, and put himself doubly in the wrong. Kate noisily allowed him to have the last word, and, when they arrived at home, assumed a cheerful and debonnaire demeanor as though nothing had occurred to mar their peace of mind, thereby annoying her husband still further, for he was anxious to put an end to their quarrel, and had hoped that she might promote a reconciliation by giving way to the melting mood.

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Next day Kate turned over a new leaf. She decided that she would take Lady St. Ronan for her model as a Society woman, not born but made; and to this end she greatly frequented that lady's house. The American was really a kind-hearted and entertaining young woman, not overmuch troubled with refinement, and by no means devoted to her elderly and weak-minded husband, in fact about as unsuitable a friend in many ways as Mrs. Bannister could have chosen. The girl was a good mimic and soon managed to reproduce a good deal that was unlovely and undesirable in Lady St. Ronan, and, by mixing as much as possible in the set of which Lady St. Ronan was a conspicuous ornament, she found ample opportunity for practicing her newly acquired behavior and mode of speech where they met with proper appreciation. She treated her husband to the good-natured semi-contemptuous manner which seemed so admirably to suit Lord St. Ronan, and would on no pretext whatever abandon it, though it irritated Captain Bannister extremely. He had once been rash enough to call his wife's attention to Lady St. Ronan as a woman who had completely adapted herself to the exigencies of a life in the aristocratic atmosphere to which her marriage had introduced her, and he was unable to find any ground for pronouncing her seriously unfitted to be his wife's friend. He now stayed longer at his office than formerly, and paid more frequent visits to the club, seeing but little of his wife; for the incessant racket which was dear to Lady St. Ronan's heart had now become indispensable to her pupil, and morning, afternoon and evening found them upon the war-path, generally accompanied by two or three undistinguished scions of noble houses, cursed with a modest competence and an insatiable thirst for novelty. The least frivolous of these young men had more particularly attached himself to Mrs. Bannister, and she found herself perhaps a trifle less bored by his society than by that of the other members of the gang. Gradually, for want of more wholesome occupation, Lord Walter Caryle persuaded himself that his feelings for the charming Australian had developed into a wild adoration, an immeasurable devotion, the regard, the devotion of a lifetime, the outpouring of his heart's best treasure, the unquenchable, unconquerable madness of a grande passion! He tried very hard to detect some corresponding weakness in the lady of his worship, but there was nothing whatever to justify him in supposing that his sentiments were even suspected, much less returned. Kate, like most young married women, regarded a man of twenty-four as a mere child, and habitually treated Lord Walter as something between a younger brother, a footman, and a pet dog. She gave no sign that her domestic affairs were not in the most blissful condition in the world, so the foolish youth had not even the fact of her being misunderstood and undervalued by her rightful owner as a peg on which to hang a declaration of his undying love. So he fetched and carried, brought his goddess flowers and music (the former considerably better chosen than the latter); received her thanks with effusion and her scoldings with humility; and listened patiently to long accounts of the old life at Sydney, the narrator pardoning many a foolish speech in consideration of the interest which the ardent lordling manifested in all that concerned her beloved colony. There was no denying that she was getting miserably home-sick, and she had no one to confide in. Lady St. Ronan, who had found her Paradise in London, only laughed at her; her husband would hardly have appreciated the intelligence that she longed already for her own country and for her father's house, even had they been on terms warranting her in making such an avowal; and it was an unguarded moment that she permitted herself to seek sympathy from Lord Walter. As the season was drawing to a close; Lady St. Ronan and her "pals," as she was pleased to term them, had taken it into their heads to go one morning to the Spanish Exhibition, simply because they had almost exhausted the stock of amusement which the vast metropolis afforded, and they fancied that a morning visit to the Exhibition might perhaps supply a long-felt want, a novel sensation. At first they were disposed to believe that they were rewarded, for the country cousins seemed more entertaining, the school children more overwhelming in their numbers and more vociferous in their enjoyment than usual, and then, as the Exhibition was less crowded, they could get a better view o some parts of it than they had found possible at a later hour. But Mrs. Bannister was soon tired, and attended by her faithful slave she sought for a seat a little out of the thoroughfare where she could rest until the others came by. Her thoughts flew off, as they generally did when she gave herself time to think, to her old home, to the days of her courtship and her confidence in Gerald Bannister's power to make her happy, to whomsoever the fault might be due. At this point she very naturally sighed, and Lord Walter, whose presence she had completely forgotten, inquired with solicitude, "What is it?"

"Only that I am very tired," answered Mrs. Bannister, "and I think my left boot is too tight."

"I'm sure it isn't," he objected indignantly. His divinity could not possibly wear tight boots.

"How can you know?" she asked.

"You are too sensible to wear tight boots."

"Oh, I am sensible am I?"

"I am afraid you are—I mean I know you are."

"I begin to think that I am nothing of the sort," she said. "If I had been wise I should never have left my own country. I am getting very tired of England already."

"That's rather rough on your friends, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't think it's exactly my friends' fault. I expect it is the climate or something."

"The something is that her husband is a brute," said the impulsive youth to himself. Aloud he continued:

"You ought to be happy, you are so jolly and so pretty, and everybody likes you—at least anyone who doesn't must be hard to please."

"It's home-sickness," she answered. "I read the Australian news, if there is any, every morning, and never mind about the rest, and I would sooner see the Australian eleven play than dine at Windsor, or hear Patti sing for a week. Why, I like the dirty sheep in Hyde Park better than all the smart people in the Row; and if the dullest man ever created, but who knew Sydney and had met my people, turned up at this moment, I believe I should throw my arms around his neck and hug him."

And here to her own amazement and Lord Walter's consternation Kate positively began to cry hysterically. The young man, after a hasty glance to assure himself that he was unobserved, seized his companion's hand, and pressed it fervently, murmuring, "Don't cry, dear Mrs. Bannister; please don't. I can't bear to see you so unhappy. I don't know what your husband doesn't deserve—the brute. If only we had met in time, how different our lives might have been! But it isn't too late," he went on hurriedly. "Leave him, and——"

"What are you talking about, Lord Walter?" interrupted Kate, disengaging her hand, and rising to her full height, which enabled her to tower above her admirer. "It is charitable to suppose that you are temporarily insane, and therefore it would be as well for me to rejoin the others without delay."

"I will not be put off like this," stuttered the indignant youth. "Haven't you as good as told me you are unhappy with your husband? and haven't you allowed me to consider myself indispensable to you for weeks past?"

"As far as I can recollect, I have never spoken of my husband to you; and as to your having been indispensable, you know quite well that Lord Paston and Mr. Mowbray would have been charmed to do all you have done for me, only that I was foolish enough to think them a shade more fatuous than you, and so allowed you, as the lesser evil, to make yourself useful to me. It is very long-suffering of me to give any explanation of my conduct; yours admits of none."

By this time they had reached one of the egresses, and Mrs. Bannister promptly begged a commissionnaire to call up a cab, bade adieu to her discomfited companion, whom she entrusted with a message to Lady St. Ronan expressive of regret that a bad headache had obliged her to desert her party, and drove away before the young man had recovered the use of his tongue.

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On her homeward way Kate found herself shaking all over with angry excitement, and she had hardly arrived at a clear understanding of what had befallen her when the cab drew up in Cadogan Place. A young man scribbling something on his card was standing at the open door, and when he turned around Kate saw to her delight that he was an old Sydney friend. Everything was forgotten in the joy of such a meeting, and Captain Bannister, who had come back early from the office with a genuine headache, was an unsympathetic witness from his study window of the rapturous reception accorded by his wife to the stranger at her gates.

Chattering all the way Kate led her visitor into the morning-room, looking once more, as her husband reluctantly admitted to himself, like the Kitty Anstey who had taken his heart by storm more than a year ago, and he was smitten with a wild jealousy of the young man who could in an instant bring back to her face the brightness which he was now powerless to call up.

Mr. Austin of course remained to lunch, during which meal Kate and he talked incessantly of old times, old friends, in fact of anything however trivial connected with her home and her people, while Gerald, who could take no part in the conversation and whose head now ached intolerably, sat by sulky and unnoticed. After lunch Mrs. Bannister once more carried Mr. Austin off to her own sanctum, giving orders that she would be at home to nobody that afternoon. Then, with the utmost effrontery, she begged her husband to find three stalls for some play or other that night. "Mr. Austin will dine with us," she said, "and it will be such fun to take him to the theatre afterwards."

Bannister assented to this arrangement with the best grace he could muster, and betook himself eastward in no very enviable frame of mind.

When he returned at half-past five he found his wife and Mr. Austin still tete a-tete, and so interested were they in discussing the engagement of some friend of Mrs. Bannister's that she had barely time to throw her husband six words of thanks for getting the tickets, and to pour him out a cup of chilly tea.

"Is the brute never going?" Captain Bannister asked himself half an hour later. And indeed it seemed as if the "brute" never did intend to stir from Kate's side, though once or twice he had made feeble apologies for the length of his visit—apologies nipped in the bud by his hostess, whose thirst for information was still unslaked.

At last Mr. Austin discovered that it was time to be off to the Grosvenor with a view to dressing for dinner; Kate ran upstairs to perform her toilet, and did not see her husband again till dinner was announced. By this time she was absolutely tired with so much talking, and permitted her companions to interchange a few commonplaces without interruption; but she recovered later on, and discoursed to Mr. Austin between the acts of a peculiarly dull play with as great animation as ever. They said good night to the Australian at the theatre door, and when they reached home Bannister breathed more freely.

"You poor old Gerald," said his wife (who had forgotten to be Lady St. Ronan ever since one o'clock), "I do believe you've been dreadfully bored. But I couldn't help it, dear indeed. It was so splendid hearing all about the mother and the girls and everybody. Mr. Austin went to see them the very day he sailed, so as to tell me all the news. Just imagine Mr. Richardson, who was engaged to that elderly widow, Mrs. Wilkins, has gone and married her youngest sister instead; and old Mr. Holland has left Miss Brown all his money—but she will have to call herself Miss Brown-Holland! Mr. Austin has seen Phyllis's new horse, and he says it isn't to be compared to my dear Bucephalus."

"But my dear Kitty, who is Mr. Austin?" asked her husband. "I don't recollect meeting him at your mother's house, and I confess," he added (for he had some right to consider himself aggrieved,) "that I thought it very cool of him to monopolize you as he did to-day."

"Don't be cross, please, Gerald. It was I who monopolized him. And I have known him ever since I can remember; but he has been in the bush for more than a year now. You may have met him at some dances, but I never would dance with him. He was just like a man planting a tree. He just trod heavily around his partner, and never got on one bit. But he's very nice; and, oh, Gerald, just think how you would feel if you were on a desert island for years, and some one came and told you all the home news?"

"I confess I don't see the analogy," said Captain Bannister stiffly. "Your new home can hardly be compared to a desert island."

"I am sorry dear," answered Kate with contrition. "I am sorry for saying that, and a great many other things that have annoyed you. You shall scold me to-morrow, not now" and she slipped her hand confidingly into her husband's.

He was silent, but not appeased.

Presently Kate began again. "I had been getting so home-sick, and now I really know almost as much about what they are all doing out there as if I had been wearing the wonderful ring in the fairy tale. I could almost have hugged Mr. Austin, for he was so good, and never said 'I don't know' to one of my questions."

As she spoke it flashed across her mind that she had told Lord Walter, only that morning, with demonstrations of affection she felt prepared to welcome such a visitor as Mr. Austin. But the whole episode at the Exhibition had been pushed into the background by the subsequent excitement—in fact she had completely forgotten it until this moment.

"By the way," she went on, but much more slowly, "there is something that I must tell you; but I can't unless you are nice—because it would frighten me. Look at me as if you cared for me a little, and hold my hand as if you were doing so in the service of your Queen and Country—not in this half-hearted way."

Bannister laughed in spite of himself.

"As I should like to prejudice you in my favor," she proceeded, "I must tell you that I have been very silly, but nothing more; and that if I see you looking jealous or suspicious I will stop at once, and nothing will induce me to finish my story."

Thus adjured, Bannister composed his face into an expression of judicial calm, and awaited disclosures.

"Perhaps I had better begin at the very beginning," said Kate, who was in reality somewhat uneasy as to how her confidences would be received. "You remember that dreadful dinner party at Lord Sabledon's? Well—you scolded me on the way home, and I was very angry because I know that though in principle I was right in protesting against his horrid scandalous talk, I had gone and made a goose of myself and annoyed you. You never tried to make friends, and as I had, strictly speaking, done nothing for which I deserved a scolding, I determined in the first place to pretend that I didn't mind a bit, and in the second to see how you would like me to be a real Society woman. Lady St. Ronan has been my guide, and I needn't tell you what an uncomfortable artificial life I have been leading as one of her set ever since."

Here Mrs Bannister paused to consider. Then she asked vaguely, "Shall I tell you people's names?"

"H'm! I think perhaps you had better; but not if you imagine that in wishing to hear them I am actuated by jealousy or suspicion."

"Very well," rejoined Katie, with a sigh, "It was Lord Walter Carlyle."

"What has that young muff been doing?" inquired Captain Bannister sternly.

"You are looking angry now, Gerald, and dreadfully jealous," said his wife in a trembling voice. "I said I would stop if you did."

"Don't be afraid of me, little woman," said her husband quite gently. "You mustn't look upon me as an ogre because I happen to be a dark, severe old fellow, old enough to be your father."

In the old Sydney days Katie had absolutely forbidden Captain Bannister to make remarks of this order, and even now, despite the importance of the business in hand, she stopped to administer a rebuke, which, somehow, placed things on a more satisfactory footing.

"The fact is," she resumed, "that I went with Lady St. Ronan and the rest to the Spanish Exhibition this morning, and I began to feel very homesick and miserable, and when Lord Walter asked me what was the matter I told him. And then to my amazement he began to make love to me. Of course I snubbed him at once. Seeing Mr. Austin put it all out of my head, but I was dreadfully angry. Little owl! I cannot think what possessed him. That is all I have to tell you; but I am very, very sorry indeed, Gerald——"

Captain Bannister's face was grave, and he kept his wife waiting for some moments before he spoke.

"You have been a very good child," he said at length, "to make a clean breast of this disagreeable business; and before I say one word of reproof, I must go into the confessional myself. To begin with, I was wrong to be so hard on you about your unlucky speech to Lord Sabledon. Yes, I behaved very shabbily, my poor little Kitty, and since then I have been much to blame in allowing you to become so intimate with Lady St. Ronan and her clique, for I might have known that something like what happened to you to-day was bound to be the result, especially as to the casual observer you and I of late have not appeared much attached to one another."

Here, for the second time in twenty-four hours, Mrs. Bannister gave way to tears. "I have been very naughty," she sobbed; "a thousand times worse than you. If only you will forgive me I will promise to let Lady St. Ronan's sort of Society alone, and never be rude to my hosts and hostesses, however horrid they are, as long as I live."

"Of course I will forgive you, for fear you should refuse to forgive me, you poor, tearful little woman," replied Captain Bannister, drawing his repentant wife to his side. "Cheer up, and let us consider how soon we can abandon this wicked world of London, and then we'll settle where we shall spend our leave."

And with her husband's arm around her, soothed by his kind words and charmed by dazzling visions of a sojourn in Switzerland and the Austrian Tyrol, Katie's equanimity was not long in returning to her, and she fell asleep in a much happier state of mind than had of late been hers.

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Two days passed without sign or tidings of the young man whose feelings Katie had so ruthlessly outraged, and she flattered herself that he had accepted his defeat as final. This, however, he could not bring himself to do; and, fortified by a number of foolish precedents tending to show that any woman's mind is capable of undergoing changes, or at least modifications, upon any subject, Lord Walter, upon the third day, called at Cadogan Place, at an hour when he was pretty sure of finding Mrs. Bannister at home—and alone. He little knew that he had been the means of bringing about a complete reconciliation between Kate and her husband, and was unprepared to find them, on entering her drawing-room, sitting in amicable tete-a-tete over their tea before setting forth on a shopping expedition; for each deemed the other's advice and co-operation absolutely indispensable in the purchase of various articles to figure in their Swiss tour, such as specially constructed mountaineering boots for Mrs. Bannister, and a canteen of extraordinary compactness and serviceableness, without which they believed it would be impossible to make their trip a success.

Lord Walter was aghast. The tender reproaches he had been preparing with so much care could certainly never be addressed to this joyous young woman whose whole soul was engrossed in alpenstock, blue goggles, and other detestably material details. She did not even appear to notice his embarrassment, while her husband's tone of off-hand good nature led him to believe that Mrs. Bannister had kept the secret of his indiscretion. But this sense of security was shortlived, and he had scarcely begun to breathe freely, and dared to contribute a remark or two to the conversation, when Bannister showed him plainly enough that he was aware of what had occurred. Kate, with many apologies, had run upstairs to dress, and Lord Walter was collecting his hat and stick with a view to escape, when Bannister observed in a distinctly pointed manner, a propos of their own approaching departure from town:

"It's about time for you to be off too, eh, Carlyle? Too much London is apt to disagree with idle young fellows like you: plays the mischief with the 'minor moralities,' doesn't it?"

This was a very open attack, and poor Lord Walter felt incapable of parrying it, for he saw at once that Kate must have confided in her husband, and he had no right in the world to resent plain speaking from that quarter. He had the grace to blush as he answered somewhat lamely and ignoring the question as to his moral condition:

"I think—I suppose I shall be leaving very soon now; in fact, I believe I may be going for a cruise with Mackenzie next week."

"I'd stick to that if I were you," said Captain Bannister grimly. "You know where not to go, I am sure."

Lord Walter made haste to withdraw his diminished head; and he was now so convinced that Kate had turned into open mockery an episode of which he had until this moment posed to himself as very interesting hero, that he fled Society on the following day, without so much as bidding farewell to Lady St. Ronan, and leaving behind him a host of unfulfilled engagements.

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The day before they left town Bannister received a letter from Mrs. Anstey, which he hurriedly pocketed when his wife made her appearance in the breakfast-room.

"I find that we shall be obliged to alter our route considerably," he remarked gravely.

"Oh, Gerald, why?"

"We must go to Venice, I fear. A horrid nuisance at this time of year, isn't it?"

"To Venice!" repeated Kate with a puzzled air.

"Well, you needn't come with me unless you like. But by this time your mother and Phyllis are about halfway to England, and I thought we must go and meet them on their arrival in Europe."

"Not really?" Kate gasped in a perfect transport of joy.

"Do you think I could be so cruel as to joke on such a subject?" asked her husband.

Mrs. Fox's Lodger.

BY E. A. S.

"DON'T let her come near me, that's all, Mrs. Fox. I hate girls, and if you had not assured me that there were no single women in the house, you know very well I should never have taken your rooms."

"Law now, Mr. Eastwood, you needn't be so touchy. Most likely you'll never see the poor young lady, and if you do happen to meet her, she won't bite you. I shouldn't have mentioned it, only as you made a sort of bargain with me about having no unmarried females about, I thought I'd better. But you've been here these five years, and always been so pleasant-like with everything, that I didn't think you'd turn grumpy about such a trifle."

But when the new lodger arrived that evening, she was at once informed of Mr. Eastwood's peculiar and rancorous dislike to women generally, and unmarried ones in particular; and though at first a little indignant, she, on reflection, felt more amused than vexed, and demurely promised not to wilfully intrude upon the gentleman.

Alice Cowper was a country girl; she had no father, and her mother, having a large family to bring up on a very small income, was very glad when an old friend of her husband's offered to get Alice a situation as lady clerk in a London post-office. She was successful in passing the prescribed examination, and then it was necessary to find her some lodgings not too far away.

Now the gentleman who had procured Alice the situation knew that Mrs. Fox had a snug little house at Islington, and Alice soon became quite a favorite with the old lady; and though her house was nice before, it gained added grace with Alice's presence, for she spent her leisure hours in making pretty trifles, and bought many a bunch of flowers to decorate the rooms.

And in return, Mrs. Fox made it quite a study to please her young lodger, and one day, by hearing Alice lament that she would forget all her music now she had no piano, she caused an old square instrument, that had long been used as an extra sideboard in the breakfast-room, to be brought up and tuned and polished.

"Oh, you are a darling, Mrs. Fox!" exclaimed the delighted girl, and many an evening after her fresh young voice and skilful fingers delighted her landlady and one or two gentleman-lodgers also, who took to coming home early that they might hear Miss Cowper sing and play.

So the winter passed away, and as the sweet spring evenings drew on, Alice's place in the household circle was often vacant. At first she pleaded business, and the old lady implicitly believed her. But one evening, being near the office, she called for her, and found she had left at the usual time.

She returned home, hoping to meet her there, but Alice was still absent.

It was just ten when, at last, she returned, and then her eyes were bright, and her cheeks flushed with pleasure and excitement.

"You are late, my dear. I called at the office for you at eight, but you were gone," said the old lady, regarding her gravely through her spectacles. Alice's pretty fair cheeks flushed still deeper.

"I—I met a friend, Mrs. Fox, and we went for a little walk," she faltered, and the old lady's heart sank with a vague foreboding of coming trouble.

"My dear, I promised your poor anxious mother that I'd let her know directly if anything went wrong. It is wrong for a pretty young thing like you to be out night after night till ten or eleven, unless your friends know who you're with or where you are. It is no business of mine to ask you, but I must write to her, and tell her that you no longer spend your evenings here."

"Oh, pray don't, there's a dear Mrs. Fox," interrupted Alice in terrible alarm. "She will come up and take me home, and I shall never see him again. I will tell you all about it."

And then followed the story the old lady had dreaded to hear.

A gentleman, young, handsome, and rich, had followed her for several nights, and had at last prevailed upon her to go for a walk, and another night to go to the theatre with him.

"And now we are engaged to be married," Alice went on, "but I have promised not to tell any one at present, not even mamma, for fear she should write to his father, who would disinherit him if he knew that he meant to marry any one he had not chosen for him. So you will not tell mamma, dear Mrs. Fox? It would break my heart to leave him, and in a little while he will write to mamma and tell her all about it. He is all truth and goodness, and he does love me so!" pleaded poor Alice.

"He is more likely a heartless villain who will be the ruin of you, my dear," answered the old lady indignantly. "Mind, I don't blame you, love; you are too young, and pure, and innocent to know half the ways of this great wicked London. But he's not an honorable man, I fear, else there would be no reason for all this secrecy. However, I'm willing to give him a chance. You shall invite him to tea next Sunday. We'll have the best china out, and some nice cake and hot muffins, and then I shall soon see whether he's fit to be trusted with my little country girl!"

And good Mrs. Fox looked quite triumphant as she arranged this way out of the difficulty. But, poor Alice! she could scarcely help smiling in the midst of her distress as she thought of her aristocratic lover, who talked about late dinners with lords and ladies as things of everyday occurrence, sitting down to tea and muffins in that little Islington sitting-room.

"I will ask him, Mrs. Fox," she faltered, "but I am afraid he would not like to come."

"Then he is no true lover, my dear," persisted the old lady stoutly, "and the sooner your mother fetches you home the better, though it will be a bitter disappointment to her, poor woman, and I shall miss you sadly."

* * * * * *

"What's the matter, Mrs. Fox? You don't seem so lively as usual," said Mr. Eastwood about a fortnight after, as Mrs. Fox took him his "little bill" to settle.

"No, sir, I don't feel lively at all, just at present, but it isn't anything you would be interested about, so I won't trouble you by telling you anything of it," said Mrs. Fox with a sigh.

"Well, if I could help you in any way, you know I will, though I am an old bear," remarked Mr. Eastwood.

"I never said so, I'm sure, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Fox with a precipitancy that betrayed her little fib. "You were kind enough to make that mean fellow, Harris, pay his rent, and——"

"Yes, but never mind; what is the matter now? Is your lady lodger ill? I never hear any singing, now."

"She is not ill, sir. You did not mind the music, then?" asked Mrs. Fox, astonished.

"Oh, no; I'm very fond of music, and I have had great pleasure in listening to her," answered Mr. Eastwood; and emboldened by this unexpected turn of affairs, Mrs. Fox poured forth her troubles.

The grand sweetheart had declined to appear, and Alice had threatened to fly with him and consent to a secret marriage if Mrs. Fox wrote to her mother, so that the poor old lady was at her wit's end.

"So he is, no doubt, a deep scoundrel, sir," she concluded, "and the foolish girl believes him an angel."

"Well, just leave her alone for a day or two is my advice. By the way, what is her office?"

Mrs. Fox gave him the address and left the room, wondering whether she had taken leave of her senses, or whether Mr. Eastwood had really been promising to interest himself in a girl whom he had never seen.

Next evening, Alice met as usual her lover, who was certainly handsome and well-bred, but to the eyes other than loving, there was a selfish dissipated look upon his face, and his eyes did not meet yours openly.

"My darling," he was saying persuasively, "how long are you going to let those foolish scruples keep us apart? You cannot know how hard it is for one who loves you, and would fain surround you with every luxury, to see you daily wasting your youth in this degrading toil. Do let us end it. Come with me, and we will be quietly married; if not, darling, I must leave you—the uncertainty and worry are killing me!"

"If only I might tell mamma," pleaded Alice. "I could persuade her to keep it secret."

He was about to answer her impatiently that he had shown her how impossible this was, when a stern voice behind them said:

"So, you scoundrel, you have dared to return, have you?"

Alice looked up in terror. A tall man, of noble physique, and stern determined face, was standing by them. Her lover had dropped her hand, and with white lips he gasped out:

"Walter Eastwood, is it you?"

"Yes, you pitiful hound! Thief, forger, and betrayer of women's innocence, it is I, and if you ever speak to this girl again, or show your face in London, I will have you transported. Go!"

"Confound you! you have been my bane all my life; but I will yet be even with you;" and with a fearful oath he left them without even a parting look at Alice.

The poor girl neither fainted nor cried, but stood as if turned to stone with horror, until her tall companion spoke, and in a tone so gentle, it might have been another voice.

"Do not grieve, my child. It is a pity such a scoundrel ever crossed your path, but you will soon forget him. It is lucky that a very sincere friend of yours thought it was not all right, or Heaven knows what would have become of you. Walk on with me, we are attracting attention; take my arm—there now, we shall get along, and I will tell you in a few words the wretch's history."

Alice obeyed mechanically, feeling as if in some fearful dream, from which she would presently wake, and her strange friend continued:

"Malcolm Verner is of good birth and family, but he was very poor. He was junior clerk in the bank where I was manager. When I set up on my own account, I took him as manager, and treated him as a favorite friend. He was introduced to the girl I was engaged to marry, and managed to supplant me. She eloped with him on the night before our wedding! he took her to France and left her there to die of shame and grief, for he was already married to a low woman who had entrapped him when a mere boy. On leaving the country he obtained a large sum by forging checks in my name. Thank Heaven, girl, that you have escaped him; a pretty tale this would be for your poor struggling mother"

"I—I thank you," faltered poor Alice. "I will never walk with another stranger. Here is my home."

"And mine, too," said her friend, as he produced a latch-key.

"Why, who are you then?" asked Alice in new terror; she had not noticed the name her lover had uttered in the confusion.

"I am Walter Eastwood, Miss Cowper, and I thank you for the music and singing I have been cheered with in the past winter. If I have been fortunate enough to be of use to you, it was only a debt I owed you."

With a bow and smile he proceeded upstairs, and, overcome with surprise at this unexpected revelation, Alice flew to Mrs. Fox, whose thankfulness and delight knew no bounds, and told her all.

After that the musical evenings were resumed, and Mr. Eastwood asked leave to be one of the audience. He would also happen accidentally to be passing the office, and see Alice home, and though she fretted at first over her trouble and humiliation, she soon forgot it all, and became her old lively self again.

"Alice, when I loved before, and was so cruelly deceived, I swore never again even to live in a house where there were marriageable women, and I came here that I might shun all my former friends; but now I rescind my vow. I love you dearly, and would fain have a loving wife and happy home of my own."

Alice looked up at her second and worthier lover with trusting reverence, and answered:

"Yes."

From being a woman-hater, Alice's husband is the most jovial of men; they have always one of the little brothers or sisters at their pretty suburban villa, and Mrs. Fox is never more delighted than when she goes to spend the day there with her former lodger.

WHAT IS A LOVER?—The following is the definition that won the "Definition of a Lover" prizes offered by an English newspaper:

"A lover is a man who is totally blind to the imperfections in the woman he adores; who is provoked if other men are not similarly sightless, and jealous if they are."

The definitions accorded honorable mention are the following:

"A lover worships her alone
The only perfect thing,
She, only she, is nature's queen,
And he thinks he's the king."

"A lover is a deluded victim possessed of an insane idea to provide for another man's daughter and perhaps add to the comforts of home by acquiring a mother-in-law."

"A lover is one who is transformed by the magic wand of love from the king of brutes to an angel. Laudanum also effects the change."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Newspapers having been mysteriously stolen from doorsteps in Chicago, watch was set, and a little black and tan dog was discovered to be the culprit. Though chased, the dog escaped, and was detected 20 minutes later stealing another paper. "The brute takes any kind of newspaper regardless of politics or quality of news matter. The police have a description and are looking for the animal."

It has been a mystery to some people how Italy, a country without gold mines, could obtain the gold with which to pay $40,000,000 or so a year due to foreign holders of her bonds. The mystery is explained away by Mr. Dering, Secretary of the British Embassy in Rome, who declares that American travelers alone spend $—,000,000 a year in gold in Italy, while other foreign travelers expend fully double that amount. This is irrespective of the money brought into the country in the form of gifts to the Holy See by the 50,000 religious pilgrims who annually visit the Eternal City.

The following is a copy of a letter from a town in New Hampshire received at the Hartford Fire Insurance Company one day last week: "I enclose $100 in this letter, which I want paid to the Hartford Fire Insurance Company of Hartford. I thought I got more insurance than my right." Enclosed was a $100 bill of the First National Bank of Concord, N. H. The writing is identified as similar to two previous communications received by the company, enclosing respectively, $60 and $100, making a total of $260 already received from this one source. It is evident that some beneficiary of the Hartford received more than his due, and he is endeavoring to quiet his conscience by returning in instalments the amount overpaid.

A clergyman in Cumberland county, Me., had married a couple and was surprised by the groom asking him the amount of the bill. He had not been accustomed to receive anything of much value, and said that the matter was left with the groom to decide. "But I'd rather you'd state the figures," was the reply, and finally the minister said: "Well, anywhere between $1 and $10." The groom handed him a $5 bill and departed. In about a fortnight he returned to the minister's house and said: "Look here, when I gave you that $5 bill I expected some change back." The astonished minister happened to have only $2 about him. He took that from his pocket and gave it to the man, and there the transaction ended.

In the Andaman Islands the important work of edible bird's-nest collecting is reported to be over for the season. The swifts arrive in the islands toward the end of November, but they take their time in building the nests, which are formed from a gelatinous secretion from the salivary glands of those beautiful members of the swallow tribe. If there has been a wet December the first crop of nests is generally a poor one, being soiled by the damp and drippings from the roofs of the caves. Collectors, however, begin in January to go round the islands to the different caves in an open boat. The best quality resemble pure isinglass, and are worth their weight in silver. Afterward there are two other collections. The caves in which the nests are found are scattered about the islands; some are far inland, others in rocks concealed in mangrove swamps.

The inventive genius of man has made or will make the office of "spotter" a useless one. This thing, which is to do away with the spotter, is known as a national fare receiver and register. It takes the money out of the hands of the conductor, and the passengers pay it directly into the coffers of the company. The conductor holds the receiver in his left hand, and the register dial faces the passenger. When the coin is deposited in the mouth of the receiver the conductor presses his thumb on the lever, which registers the fare while the passenger is watching. A little glass window is on the conductor's side, and he can see the coin before registering it. When making change, the receiver is hung on a breast-plate prepared for that purpose. The conductor is not allowed to place the coin in the box. This must be done by the passenger. The box is locked and sealed when it leaves the office. Some of the Pittsburg traction companies are thinking of adopting the system.

Our Young Folks.

IN NETTLE-LAND.

BY MAGGIE BROWN.

THERE was mutiny in the camp of the Nettles. Now these same Nettles were a populous people, who spread themselves and made colonies wherever there was a soil enough to strike their shallow hardy roots, but up to the present time nobody knew how discontent was undermining the peace of that huge army—an army, for each Nettle stood beside his fellow, with poisoned spears, ready to wound any who made an attempt to enter the green uniformed ranks.

The mutiny broke into open rebellion one night when the moon rose, and most of the flowers were asleep, because it is then that the fairies sally forth to their revels, and to them the Nettles applied for redress of their wrongs.

Overhanging a corner of the meadow where the mutinous ones lived was an elder tree in full blossom, and from this stepped at moonrise the prettiest little old lady you ever saw, in a green dress with white flowers scattered over it. Lady Elder was followed by a train of tiny courtiers, as beautifully dressed as herself.

"How now, what does this mean?" cried the leader of the fairies, stopping short, for a group of Nettles stood before her, waving heads and arms in wild confusion.

"Justice!" shouted the rebels! "we will no longer obey laws which touch folk so unequally. Give us justice!"

Lady Elder knitted her brow and waved her wand. "Explain," said she; "it is our work to redress the grievances of the flowers, and to see that the laws are carried out."

"Our blossoms are unsightly, no one cares for us, the very beasts avoid us for food, and our life is made up of such petty details that is not worth the living," murmured the nettles. "Other flowers are far more favorites, as both our own eyes, and our messengers, the bees, tell us. Miss Pimpernel, for all she is so small and lowly, is loved and sought out for her pretty red dress. Besides, she is honored as 'the poor man's weather-glass,' though the lazy creature goes to sleep every day at twelve. Pink Centaury is gathered by old women to cure their rheumatism, and thus is useful as well as ornamental. The bees bring us wondrous tales, too, of the Foxgloves in yonder wood, who stand like kings in their purple robes. Poppies are honored for their beauty; and are carefully grown in some parts—so our messengers say—for their virtues. Then why are we left out? Why have we no apparent work to do? The thistles quite agree with us it's a shame; and we will assert ourselves, change our quarters, go and see something of the world!"

Lady Elder listened to this outburst in silence, but it was evident she felt impatient, for she stamped her white shoe several times on the ground, and brushed away the dew from a daisy, as if she would wilfully have rid herself as quickly of the rebel Nettles or their murmurs. When these came to an end there was a pause, and, singing to her followers to begin their dance, the little dame seated herself on a dandelion before she made answer. When she did it was in the calm tone of one who has well weighed a matter, and is certain of its rights.

"You foolish grumblers! Know that life is built up of little things, and the great ones are merely accidents. Those who pine for them are least worthy fame in any form, since they cannot use the comforts and fulfil their duties already allotted for their share. You speak of Centaury; her work is to proclaim her presence by her blushes, that the sick and old may benefits by plucking her, but the plucking means death. Pimpernel is wise in her generation, for she sleeps and wakes, smiles and is thankful; in short, she does her daily work, and in that recognizes a life full enough to satisfy her needs. From Foxglove, the report of whose beauty makes you envious, is distilled one of the deadliest poisons in nature, and his very position in the world is a source of danger. Truly, he pays dearly for admiration. As to Poppy——"

"We care nothing for this!" broke in some of the Nettles rudely. "The virtues or vices of others are nothing to us, who only ask that we may make a little noise in the world, or share the usefulness which seems to fall so plentifully to the lot of others. The thistles are quite of our mind on the subject."

Lady Elder gave a scornful little laugh. "Those thistles are ill-tempered folk," said she, "and everyone shuns them; of prickly tempers, no wonder, then, they find cause for grumbling—only the fault lies in themselves. As for you, it is ignorance and, perhaps, prejudice—it generally goes with the other—which prevents your knowing all you can do. When you have been cut down and withered a little"—here the Nettles trembled in every leaf—"cows will eat you gladly; indeed, your people are cultivated in Sweden for fodder, and, chopped small with other things, for poultry food. Mixed with salt, you will curdle milk, and your fibres have been made into cloth, ropes, and paper. The Russian use your root to make a yellow dye, and the seeds, ground into powder, are said to be good for swellings in the neck. How now? Do you still covet a great name, beauty, or prominent position?"

Some of the listeners hung their heads, ashamed; others muttered crossly that, though these things might be true enough about them at a race, they did not affect them as individuals, who would rather be anywhere than in the quiet corner near the stream.

"You are too sensitive," said Lady Elder, smiling. "You are ready to take offence at a touch, and to sting all who approach. Is it not well, then, that you have grown here in such a peaceful spot, where none can hurt you?"

Now some of the Nettles, whose consciences were pricked by the fairy's words, were touched by the patience of one so powerful, and, lifting their heads, they spoke before their brethren could answer the last question.

"Yes, yes, your majesty, you are right. It is mercy that has put us here, and justice smooths from our path many dangers which beset the lives of others apparently more honored. Grant only that we so live as to be more loved, and less sensitive to fancied slights."

Lady Eleanor smiled, moved from her dandelion, and waved her wand over the speakers' heads.

"You have well spoken," she said gently; "so be it. In the next generation your wish shall be granted, but the rebels will soon meet their punishment, for hay-harvest is near"; and away flitted she of the green robe, lightly as thistle-down on a summer day.

After this a great silence fell on the Nettles, and many slept while others brooded, no doubt, over their fancied wrongs, or Lady Elder's last words, which filled them with vague forebodings. But when morning dawned again, the Nettles' spirits rose with the sun, and they thought no more of the unpleasant things that might still be in a distant future. Alas! not many days later that future became a near one, for there were mowers' voices in the next field, and the air was filled with the fragrance of new-cut hay. A little later, wagons, drawn by sleek brown horses, lumbered into the field to carry off the yellow heaps, and the scythes came nearer, nearer to the nettles in their corner.

"Oh!" moaned the malcontents, "how shameful to cut us down before we have seen anything of life."

"Grieve not," said those whom repentance had made wiser, "for by dying you will be of more use to others than by living. As to ourselves, we are content, for have we not the fairy's promise?"

"Much good that will do you," snapped the others, "since you will not see its fulfilment."

There was no rejoinder, for all watched their approaching doom so intently that they neither saw nor heard the summer sights and sounds all about them. Corn-crakes were calling from a cornfield close by, and swallows wheeled across the sky of cloudless blue. Wild bees flitted among the thyme and meadow-sweet that fringed the water, together with mint, willow herbs, and groups of flowering rushes.

Nearer came the scythes, a couple of long swooping strokes and the nettles were laid low, to wither and die among the countless grasses. Only one sharp pang, a noiseless fall, and the grumblers' voices were hushed for ever.

* * * * * *

The following spring some children wandered through the meadow on their homeward way from school, and they loitered along the banks of the stream to flowers, with the pleasure born from year to year in children's hearts with the return of the stars of earth. One tiny girl, smaller than the rest, caught sight of some creamy blossoms set round a stem under leaves of the freshest green, and she stepped aside to the hedge near which they grew; but then the would-be picker paused.

"They are nettles—they will sting," said she, drawing back a dimpled hand.

"No, no," replied an elder sister at her side; "those are good. They have no stings and pretty flowers."

With a thrill of delight, and a dim memory of some promise fulfilled, the nettles heard, and they wondered if, with their nature, their name had also changed.

"Some people," continued the last speaker, "call these Dead Nettles, but others call them White Archangels, and I think this is a far prettier name.

DEAF AS AN ADDER.—Since my earliest remembrance, in the consideration of a person who might be hard of hearing, I have heard the expression more or less used—"Deaf as an adder!" Now what in the world could be the peculiar applicability of the idea I could not divine. What was there deaf about an adder? I had slaughtered them and never discovered that their organs of hearing were not as keen as are the organs of other living things.

Since my early boyhood adders had been my peculiar aversion; for I never could, and never can, forget the speckled monster that stung my dear schoolmate, in Malden, and I think that boy would have died had not fortune so ordered that a band of Penobscot Indians were encamped near to his home, with their old "Medicine Man" (this one chanced to be a woman) in company. The application of a simple pasture and road-side weed saved his life. Aye, I had thought adders were particularly sharp and quick of hearing.

However, one day the hero of my household came to me with, "Grandpa, is an adder deaf?" He had hit upon the expression, and, with quick interest, was seeking to know the meaning, or the sense.

Now, one thing is sure: Not one of those old, general sayings, admitted into our home literature, is without sense or significance at the root, and bearing this in mind, I set at the work of looking it up. And I found it.

Look to the Book of the Psalms, lviii., verses, 4, 5, and read: in speaking of the wicked—"Their poison is like the poison of a serpent; they are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, never so wisely."

This I found in that good Old Book; and then, I found, in a work of "Phrase and Fable," that there was a tradition among the people of the Psalmists time that the cunning adder, when the snake-charmer approached, would bury one ear in the sand, and stop the other ear with the tail, thus rendering of no avail the conjurer's most subtle arts. So now we know what is meant by—"Deaf as an adder."

CANINE CARING.—Although it is said that the howling of a dog may proceed from a disagreeable or agreeable note in music striking its sensitive ear, yet in most of the recorded instances howling seems to be a sign of displeasure rather than pleasure. Thus, at the beginning of the French Empire a certain dog regularly attended the parade at the Tuileries and howled if, perchance, a musician blew a discordant note. Again, a gentleman at Darmstadt, who was a finished musician, kept a dog named Max, which was the terror of all the singers and instrumentalists in the place, for it had the fatal habit of howling whenever a false note was emitted. It never made a mistake, and well-known singers were said to tremble when they saw their unwelcome judge. There is also an account of a dog that died of grief because he was forced for a long time to listen to music that was repulsive to him.

ONIONS OF EXCELLENCE.—A Brighton stationer, we are told, took a fancy for dressing his show-window with piles of writing-paper, rising gradually from the largest to the smallest sizes in use, and, to finish his pyramids off nicely, he cut cards to bring them to a point. Taking these cards for diminutive note-paper, lady-customers were continually wanting some of "that lovely little paper," and the stationer found it advantageous to cut paper to the desired pattern. As there was no space for addressing the notelets after they were folded, he, after much thought, invented the envelope, which he cut by the aid of metal plates made for the purpose. The sale increased so rapidly that he was unable to produce the envelopes fast enough; so he commissioned a dozen houses to make them for him, and thus set going an important branch of the manufacturing stationery trade.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Quakers are said to be unusually long-lived.

One person in every nine is left-handed.

The King of Greece speaks 12 different languages.

Italy sends five million eggs to England every week.

Spain has fewer daily papers than any other European country.

A potato, said to weigh 26 ounces, is a curiosity of Gastonia, N. C.

Belgium is declared to be the most intemperate country in Europe.

Two-fifths of the companies started yearly in England are said to fail.

A cantaloupe weighing 18 pounds is owned by an Anniston, Ala., farmer.

It is said that banknotes were in use in China at least as early as 200 B. C.

Clergymen come next in number to mechanics under the head of inventors.

The flavor of an ostrich egg is excellent, and one egg makes an ordinary meal.

The total number of patents granted during the last 80 years, so it is stated, was [illegible].

The cultivation of the grape in France gives employment to no fewer than 23,000,000 persons.

Chicago claims to have the only band in the United States composed entirely of letter carriers.

Cuban barbers lather their customers with their hands, from a bowl made to fit under the chin.

An edition of Shakespeare in words of one syllable is under contemplation for use in primary schools.

A newspaper in Paris is reported to be experimenting with type of glass with gratifying results.

The Chinese have a custom of wearing two watches, because if "one makes sick and die, other live."

The first book printed in England was by Caxton, in 1474. Its title is, "The Game and Playe of the Chesse."

The Dismal Swamp in Virginia, one of the largest swampy tracts in America, contains about 150 square miles.

A Venetian at Paris is credited with the ability to speak and write fluently no less than [illegible] languages and dialects.

The St. Gothard tunnel alone is more than eleven miles long, and now there is to be a twelve-mile tunnel through the Simplon.

It was during the reign of the Roman Emperor Constantine the Great (306-337 A. D.,) that Sunday was first proclaimed a day of rest.

A French scientist has devised a suspended camera, with which photographs may be taken on a ship when the sea is running high.

Underground London is said to have 300 miles of sewers, 31,000 miles of telegraph wires, 300 miles of gaspipes and 4500 miles of water mains.

The world's blind are computed to number about one million—about one sightless person in every one thousand four hundred inhabitants.

A colored man who went over to Germany from Boston and got naturalized is now reported to be on the roll of pensioners of the State insurance for the aged.

Fifty thousand rare trees have been ordered by the Empress of Austria, to be planted around the statue of Heine, to be erected on her property at Corfu.

If a dead deer is left on a hill, when birds and insects have eaten its flesh, its bones will often be consumed by its own relations. Deer will also eat horns that have been shed.

A Buffalo Sunday-school picnic party were assessed $9.66, a few days ago, by a Canadian customs officer, on ice cream which they took over into Canada as a part of their lunch.

Successive generations of the Allin family of Harrodsburg, Ky., have been continually in office as Circuit or County Clerk since 1786. They believe in keeping it all in the family and the Allin family in it.

In Rockland, Me., is a dog that is a born thief. Its favorite plunder is clothing, and in its daily excursions about the neighborhood during the past winter, it has pilfered enough to stock a shop. Last week it went into an open hallway, picked up a costly muff and started for home, hotly pursued by a man and two excited women. The owner got her muff and the dog got a beating.

According to the Amedee, Nev., geyser, the best dressed woman in that town on the 4th of July was a Piute squaw from the Pyramid Lake reservation. She wore a handsome dress of scarlet plush trimmed with lavender ribbon. Her raven black hair was [illegible] at the neck by a gold brooch richly set with stones, and its locks were then allowed to fall [illegible] down her back. On her head was a [illegible] white and black chenille scarf [illegible] on the edge with [illegible] at a distance of about two inches apart.

REACH THE VAN.

BY RITA.

Reach the van! let not the rear
Ever be your marching place.
Foster courage, banish fear,
Wear a brave, determined face—
Reach the van!

Laggards, drones and slaves of ease,
Sluggards long beyond the dawn,
Ne'er the golden moment seize
Which to grand success leads on—
Reach the van!

Do your best, then, use your power,
Be content not in the rear;
Full improve each golden hour—
Be the first in all your sphere—
Reach the van!

DIVINATION BY LOT.

The habit of consulting certain books in order to discover the future is common to all people who have books more or less sacred. Among the Romans the Sibylline books were kept in a stone coffer under ground in the temple of Jupiter on the Capitol, under the custody of certain officers. They were consulted in the case of prodigies and calmities. The contents having been divulged by one of these men, he was put to death.

When the temple in which they were preserved was burnt, 82 B. C., the Sibylline books perished in the fire. Then ambassadors were sent to various towns in Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor to collect any copies of these prophecies that might be preserved there.

A great number of spurious prophetical books circulated, pretending to be Sibylline oracles, and Augustus ordered that they should be collected and burnt. But other works were consulted for the purpose of peering into the future beside the Sibylline books. A favorite volume for such exploration was Virgil.

Among the Mohammedans it is not unusual to consult in this manner the Koran and the poet Hafiz; and from an early period it was customary among Christians to employ the Bible for the same purpose. St. Augustine mentions this as practised in his time, and hesitates about condemning it, so long as it was not applied to things of this world.

Gregory, Bishop of Tours in the sixth century, tells us what was his practice. He spent several days in fasting and prayer, after which he resorted to the tomb of St. Martin, and taking any book of Scripture that lay at hand, he opened it, and accepted the first passage that met his eye as the answer to the query he put.

Another manner of consulting the sacred books for an answer consisted in accepting the first verse of a psalm or Scripture read or sung on entering a church during divine service, as the reply to the question in the mind.

According to the Confessions of St. Augustine it was this that determined the life of St. Anthony. He was in hesitation as to his career, when, entering a church, he heard the deacon read the words: "Go, sell that thou hast, and give to the poor—and come and follow me."

The practice, however, of consulting Scripture as a book of Fate was generally condemned by the Church. A council at Vannes pronounced against it in 461 A. D. So did one at Agde in 506, and one at Auxerre in 585. Charles the Great forbade it in his Capitularies, and so did Pope Gregory II. Nevertheless, curiosity as to the future was so strong in men's minds that the custom continued.

An odd circumstance is that the cathedral Chapter at Orleans in 1146 appealed to a prognostic of this sort in a supplication addressed by them to Pope Alexander III. against their bishop. At his consecration, when the Gospel was opened above his head, the finger of the deacon rested on the words, "And he left the linen cloth, and fled from them naked." This was a token that the bishop, Elias, was to be turned out of his see.

The practice of observing the book when opened over the head of a prelate at his consecration was very common. It was thought that a sure augury could thence be drawn as to what sort of a bishop he would prove.

At the consecration of Athanasius, nominated to the patriarchate of Constantinople, a patriarchate which he stained with his crimes, "the Bishop of Nicomedia having brought the Gospel," says the Byzantine historian, "the congregation prepared to take note of the oracle which would be manifest on the opening of the book, though this oracle is not infallibly true. The Bishop of Nicea, noticing that he had lighted on the words, 'Prepared for the devil and his angels,' groaned in the depth of his heart, and putting up his hand to hide the words, turned over the leaves and disclosed the other words, 'The birds of the air come and lodge in the branches;' words which seemed to have no connection with the ceremony."

When Landri, Bishop of Laon, was consecrated, the Gospel for the day gave, "A sword shall pierce through thine own soul also;" and a few years after he was assassinated. He was succeeded by the Dean of Orleans, at whose consecration the book was opened at a blank page; and, in fact, he died shortly after, without having done anything by which his pontificate could be marked.

In 391, when Evurtius desired to retire from the bishopric of Orleans from extreme old age, he assembled the clergy and bade them to elect a successor by writing the names of their candidates on slips of paper and putting them into a box. A little child was enjoined to draw the lot, and the name drawn was Aignan. Evurtius was doubtful whether he was suitable, and advised the consultation of the sacred oracles—the Psalter, the Epistles, and lastly the Gospels. The Psalter was opened at haphazard, and the text at the head of the page was, "Blessed is the man whom thou choosest and receivest unto thee: he shall dwell in thy courts." Then the Epistles were opened at random, and at the head of the page stood, "Other foundation can no man lay than is laid." The Gospel rendered the text, "On this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." After this, all doubts as to the suitability of Aignan to fill the episcopal throne ceased.

Grains of Gold.

With the talent of an angel a man may be a fool.

There is nothing more cowardly than being afraid of the truth.

Youth is eminently the fittest season for establishing habits of industry.

Fight your troubles one at a time. Knock down the first one, and the others will run.

Statues are moulded with little touches. Characters are formed in the same way.

The world is full of people who are always looking for a sledge hammer to crack a peanut.

There isn't a bit of religion in going without sleep at night to talk about your neighbors.

Many lives contain whole chapters of goodness, not a word of which is ever put on a tombstone.

The secret of being loved is in being lovely; and the secret of being lovely is in being unselfish.

The greatest of all duties is the present one. You can't do business for eternity on a credit basis.

Wear a cheerful countenance. If your mirror won't smile on you, how can you expect anybody will?

There is something so beautiful in trust that even the most hardened liar must needs feel a certain respect for those who confide in him.

There are prating coxcombs in the world who would rather talk than listen, although Shakespeare himself were the orator, and human nature the theme.

In the moral world there is nothing impossible, if we bring a thorough will to it. Man can do everything within himself; but he must not attempt to do too much with others

Femininities.

Really beautiful turquoises are very rare.

Fifty-four women graduated from Vassar this year.

A woman at Yuma, Ari., is said to be the mother of 25 children.

Women generally commit suicide by drowning, men by shooting.

A teaspoonful of salt in a kerosene lamp is said to make it burn better.

The woman who paints her face forgets that the world is full of people who have good eyesight.

Diamonds are now worn sewn all over a velvet or silk ribbon, which is tied loosely round the neck.

In France pearls and rubies are, at the present time, far more fashionable than any other precious stone.

At a number of recent weddings the bridesmaids' bouquets have been horseshoes, with the nails worked out in contrasting blossoms.

As another proof of woman's inability to keep a secret, we notice that while a man covers his suspenders a woman wears hers openly.

Delicate-colored silks should never be laid away in white paper, as the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper often injures the color.

Three young ladies stopping at a village inn in Switzerland, filled in the column in the visitors' book headed "Occupation" with the words, "Looking for a husband."

"You have spurned me!" he cried bitterly. "I will go into the busy world! I will fight and win! My name shall be known and my riches envied——" "Then," she interrupted, "try me again."

We have heard of a dog with a jewelled collar and fancy trappings of a most exaggerated description, but a few days ago a young woman was leading about a dachshund on one of whose hind legs was a bangle of hammered silver.

"Nonsense," remarked Synnek, "it isn't love that makes people marry. It's flattery, rank flattery. The man is pleased because the woman took a fancy to so inferior a being as he knows himself to be, and the woman's vanity is tickled for a precisely similar reason."

A missionary among the Indians in Manitoba said in a gathering of Christians that he was acquainted with a chief whose name was Man-afraid-of-nobody. He married a dusky Xantippe, and before the honeymoon was over called the tribe together and asked to have his name changed.

A Parisian lady, who keeps a head gardener and several subordinates to attend to her 20-feet square patch at the rear of her residence, has a special gardener among them, whose occupation is to dust the shrubs and flowers carefully before the mistress takes her morning walk round her estate.

One of the observances at a Servian marriage is compelling the bride to stand upon a table, with bread, water, and wine in her hands, as a sign that she is to have those articles in her care, and to hold a piece of sugar in her mouth in token that she must speak little, and that little sweetly.

Paintings on hat brims are the newest freaks of fashion in France. The Countess de Paris was the first to have her coat-of-arms painted on her bonnet and strings, and now the huge Velasquez-shaped black felt hats are elaborately ornamented with flowers, buds and butterflies, painted by some of the best Parisian artists.

A Sioux squaw, living near San Diego, California, will exhibit in the Woman's building at the World's Fair a dress of deer skins, richly embroidered with 10 pounds of beads. She worked for two years in making the garment. From the San Diego Mission will be exhibited a valuable collection of fine needlework by Indian girls.

There must be a screw loose in the Courts when a man can procure a divorce and his wife live in ignorance of the fact for nine years, as in the case of Edward Smith, of Jersey City, recorded in the Chancery Office at Trenton, N. J. Mrs. Smith claims that although she had separated from her husband he always knew her address.

The latest fashionable accomplishment is whistling. A short time ago the banjo was all the rage, but now a gentleman who can not only accompany on the banjo, but can also whistle well, is an invaluable ally of any hostess. There are teachers who make a considerable sum of money by teaching the art of whistling, but the lesson is said to be not easily learned.

The grave of a Swedish queen was opened at Upsala recently in the presence of the Prince Regent, the Archbishop and many professors of the university. The grave was that of Catharine, wife of John III., King of Sweden, who died in 1583. On removing the stone a copper coffin was found, within which was a wooden coffin, somewhat decayed and lined with velvet in rags. Beneath a leather cover lay the body of the queen, clothed in velvet, and amid the folds of velvet lay her skull, an extremely small one.

Masculinities.

Six hundred and forty-six patents have been granted to women since 1809.

An interpreter in the employ of the Government on Ellis Island speaks 15 languages.

A 20-year-old girl of Rich Valley, Va., is but 33 inches high and weighs only 30 pounds.

A couple were married one day recently at Winston, N. C., after a courtship of 27 years.

The man who has never done any harm has always had to live where he couldn't get an opportunity.

One hundred different lives of Gladstone are in manuscript ready to be rushed to the printers when he dies. Long live Gladstone!

He: "Will you marry me? I have a bachelor uncle who is worth a million." She: "No; but you might introduce me to your uncle."

Seven counties of northern Texas have refused to issue a marriage license to a 16-year-old boy and a widow of 40, who has 13 children.

"Will you love me when I'm old?" stammered gay Miss Oldgirl to her youthful intended. "Why, my darling, I do!" responded he in mild surprise.

"Binks is the brightest man I know." "Does he say sharp things?" "No; but you ought to hear him keep still when he has a chance to say them."

Eggs are good for dysentery. Take one, beat it up lightly, swallow it at a gulp; repeat the dose every three hours during the day and you will be cured.

Doctor: "There is one thing more. Your wife must not speak a word to-day. Tell her that." Patient husband: "W-would you mind telling her yourself?"

There are two ways to be miserable on a hot day. One is to stay at home and mourn because you did not go off on a big excursion; the other is to go on the excursion.

The words of the "Marseillaise," when sung before the Czar, are not according to the French text, but are changed for others more acceptable to the ears of his Majesty.

Rose L. Clemens, of El Reno, O. T., though only 18 years of age, is slowly dying of consumption. There is now scarcely any flesh on her bones, and she weighs only 38 pounds.

An English lady who has lived in California is enthusiastically advocating in London the employment of Chinamen as a panacea for the afflictions resulting from servant-gallism.

A German baron, Schlindlinger, poor but honest, has been mauled by the fathers of three different young ladies in Chicago, in his efforts to effect a matrimonial alliance during the past two months.

According to popular Arabian psychology, the character of a man consists of three parts; two of these parts are inherited from his uncle, while only a third is purely original and individual.

They have a Sheriff out in St. Louis county, Mo., who has killed an antagonist in a private personal quarrel, but who refuses to resign his office. As matters stand, he will be obliged to hang himself if convicted.

Charles Goolidge, of Tacoma, Wash., could not get a marriage license a few days ago because he forgot the name of his bride. He knew her first name was Kittie, but he could not remember her last name.

The moustache worn by a clergyman in Knox, Ind., aroused the displeasure of his congregation to such an extent that he was asked to shave it off. He refused and tendered his resignation, which was accepted.

In the year 1818 the production of the raw material for Governors was a flourishing industry in Massachusetts. There are still living four ex-Governors of that State who were born in that year—Boutwell, Claflin, Rice and Butler.

"I believe that young man who comes to see you is not above deceit, Margaret." "Nonsense! Why should you think that?" "Well, he treats Johnny as if he fairly loved him, and you know Johnny is not the best little brother in the world."

"When I marry I shall try to be sure of one thing, and that is, that I have a woman of sense." "You mean a woman of prudence and forethought, with fine perceptions and a knowledge of human nature?" "Yes, that's it, exactly." "But they are just the ones who never marry."

One of the citizens of Eugene City, Ore., was leading a cow, a short time ago, when the animal gave a sudden jerk, which strained the man's body and caused him severe pain. He went home, and a few moments afterward threw up his hands and fell to the floor dead.

Purists and discoverers in language are perplexed in Ohio. They are trying to discover the proper word to designate the crime of murder of a married man by his wife. Some say that uxoricide should be used without regard to sex, while others suggest mariticide. Conjugicide is endorsed by the newspapers.

His Lost Love.

BY A. MORPETH.

A WHITE mist hung over the purple moor, and hid the golden gorse in its folds like a cloud in the sunshine. Alone in the uncertain twilight Roger Deyncourt patted his horse Pocahontas, and looking east, west, north, and south, with sharp eyes that were used to scouring the western prairies, tried to discern some road-mark by which to guide his course.

Only that morning he had landed at Plymouth after an absence of ten years; and having few friends, and no relations, he thought he would turn his steps in the direction of his old home, that the sight of the haunts of his boyhood might seem to make this coming back to his native land a little less cold and strange.

The principal part of his luggage was left at the Royal George; and he thought, with a sardonic smile, of all the curious trifles which he had collected during his travels, thinking to give them to his friends when they should meet again with hearty handshakes on the English shore. And the only friend who had been with him was Pocahontas—the beautiful high-bred horse, who had never failed him through all the difficulties and dangers that from mere recklessness or utter weariness of life he had chosen to face.

Often turning doubtful glances to either side he slowly pursued his way. The mist gathered into a fog, the twilight grew into a weird gray darkness, through which one small light shimmered in the distance. He turned his horse's head towards the welcome ray in haste, fearing lest it might disappear like some ignis fatuus before he could reach it. As he drew nearer, a house, with broad verandahs, and gables smothered in ivy, loomed out of the mist; and looking down at his horse's hoofs he saw that the rough sandstone road had changed into a smooth gravel path; and that he must have passed through an open gate, for he was certainly on private ground. Dismounting at the porch he went up to the door, and knocked.

After some delay the door was opened, and a gray-headed servant, with a pleasant careworn face, asked what he wanted at that hour.

"Only to be told my way to Craigsfoot. You must excuse me for troubling you," he added, courteously. "But the night is very dark, and it is years since I was last in this part of Devonshire."

The woman gave him a scrutinizing glance which took in every detail of the stranger's appearance—from the sunburnt face and hawk-like eyes to the high leather boots which adorned his feet; and telling him to wait, disappeared into a room on the left-hand side. He was stroking Pocahontas's mane when he heard her voice, and turned round.

"My mistress says you may come in, and welcome. To-morrow morning you can easily find your way to Craigsfoot, but to-night you'd be lost on the moor."

"She is most kind," he said, gratefully; "but I don't like to trouble her. You see, there is my horse as well as myself."

"There is no trouble," and she motioned to him to step in. "Josh! Josh! come and take this gentleman's horse, and give it a feed of corn."

A red-haired youth, with a hump on his back, came forward out of the inner recesses of the house, and took hold of the bridle.

"I should like to see after it myself," said Deyncourt.

"There is no occasion. Please to step upstairs."

Taking a lighted candle from the hall table she led the way, and he followed with a reluctant glance over his shoulder at Pocahontas. The staircase was broad, and panelled with dark oak. The bedroom into which he was ushered was large and well-furnished, with dark red curtains drawn across the window, and hanging from the top of the bedstead. A small round table stood at the foot of the bed, with an empty vase. This empty white vase, of no special beauty, was the only ornament in the room. The walls, painted a melancholy drab, were bare at the top of the mantel-piece.

"It is very good of your mistress to take me in like this," he said, cordially. "Please give her my best thanks."

"The guest-room is always kept ready for anyone who is lost on the moor," replied the servant, in her measured tones, which seemed to harmonize with the depressed tone of her surroundings; "and there's always a home here for anyone that's lonesome, or crippled or afflicted. We do the best we can for them, and then they go."

"Your mistress is a true Samaritan."

"Eh? She's a Christian-lady as ever was, but it don't do her a morsel of good. Always the same trouble on her sweet face, the same weary look in her eyes. But whilst I stand talking here you are, maybe, hungry, and in want of a bit of supper. I will see what there is in the house."

"Don't trouble yourself," he said, quickly, but was uncommonly glad that she did not take him at his word.

After he had supped off some cold meat and ale he drew the curtains on one side, threw open the window, and leant out. His mind travelled back to his youth, when life seemed full of brilliant promise, and his heart beat high with hope. Was there ever so sweet a girl as Ethel Vivian, with the beauty of a goddess, the heart of an angel, the grace of a fawn? Was there ever such a smile as hers, to win the heart out of a man's breast? They were standing hand in hand and heart to heart, under the pines, at the top of Tor Wyvil, and angels might have listened to the first murmurings of their love.

They were parting under the chestnut, and a white face stained with tears was buried on his breast. They were parted: and with wrath in his heart he had turned his back on love and happiness, and went out alone into the empty world.

Passing his hand over his forehead, he went over it all again. For the sake of an old man's greed two hearts were broken—two lives spoilt.

One year after he had landed in bitterness of spirit at Buenos Ayres they told him that Ethel had married. He never wrote a line to his friend or relative. His only aim was to bury himself somewhere away from the haunts of man, away from the echo of civilized life. A terrible pestilence broke out amongst the sheep-farmers and buffalo hunters in the camp, and the report of his death was carried to England to add a fresh stab to a wounded heart.

The night wore on, the candles burnt low, the house became as still as death. How strangely the past came back to him in all its freshness, after long years of travel! Half-past twelve! What a fool he had been to indulge in such a vigil after his tiring day. And now the candles went out and left him in darkness in a strange place—a position he hated. There was just sufficient light from the window to show him the bed, and that was all. His bag, with all the necessaries for the night, was invisible. Groping his way to the door he opened it noiselessly, hoping to find a light in the passage. The passage was dark, but to his surprise between him and the uncurtained window he saw a figure, which slowly passed out of sight and down the creaking stairs. Was it a burglar? If so, it was his duty to follow and see that he did no harm.

Feeling for the revolver which he always carried in his coat, from long sojourn in outlandish places, where life was often taken without an apology, he slipped off his boots and started in pursuit. By the time he reached the hall the figure was standing at the door unfastening the bolts. He was on the point of rushing forward when, to his surprise, he found that it was no burglar, but a woman.

"Walking in her sleep," he decided. "Still I had better follow to see that she comes to no harm." The door opened. She passed out, and pulled it gently to behind her. For a moment he stood alone in the hall. The doors on either side being open, he could see in two rooms, furnished well as to the actual chairs and tables, but utterly bereft of all the pretty little nicknacks which make a place habitable. Accustomed to notice everything at a glance, it struck him that the house seemed to have been fitted up as a temporary dwelling-place rather than a lasting home. All this flashed through his mind unconsciously, as he cautiously stepped out into the porch, and looked quickly up and down the path. The figure was already disappearing round the corner of the house. He followed with hasty strides.

It was very dark in the little wood which bounded the garden, and the sound of rushing waters close at hand made it hard to distinguish the light foot-fall on in front. But, like an experienced hunter, he followed the track with ease where another man might have failed, and on emerging into an open space beyond the trees he saw the figure straight before him. Was it woman or girl? he could not tell. Looking neither to right nor left she walked on, whether asleep or awake, with a set purpose in her mind. Over a bit of broken ground, into a hollow, where her dress kept catching in the gorse, up a steep ascent, where her foot stumbled and she nearly fell, down again to the banks of a torrent which was crossed by a narrow bridge.

This bridge seemed to be her goal, the aim of her strange wanderings through the chilly autumn night, for she took her stand upon it, and, leaning on the slender hand rail, looked down upon the troubled waters. Suddenly she spoke, and he held his breath.

She clasped her hands and bowed her head upon them with a sob—a pitiful sob of utter weariness.

"God have mercy on my soul," she murmured, and then, turning to the other side, where there was no rail to protect her, she looked down upon the rushing torrent, as if fascinated by its haste and tumult. It was swollen with the autumn rains, and fretted against its banks as if anxious to break over them and deluge the flowers on the moor with its waves. During all the past vicissitudes of his life Roger Deyncourt had never known the feeling of fear. But now, watching that frail woman standing but two yards from him with some hidden sorrow dragging her down towards the stormy waters, with nothing but her wavering will to keep her from them, a chilly feeling crept up his backbone.

Afraid lest the sight of him might precipitate the catastrophe, he constrained himself to wait; but it was hard to do nothing when his nerves were strung to the highest pitch. She threw her arms above her head, and was he dreaming? "Roger! Roger!" she cried, as if to the silent stars, and, as he rushed toward to catch her, threw herself head foremost into the seething waters. As her yellow hair touched the water a moonbeam fell across the stream, and he saw the face of Ethel Vivian distinctly, vividly, in all the glory of its beauty, sink into the river before his eyes!

In a moment he had plunged in beside her, reaching wildly after the form, which escaped him like a dream, with a strength that surprised himself. He battled with the waves, and struggling for more than life, caught hold of a lock of hair. There were none but the stars to watch, none to help or to heed; but, after a frantic endeavor, when the passion of a breaking heart gave strength to a failing arm, panting and breathless, he gained the bank, with his lost love pressed to his breast.

Cold, dripping, and exhausted, he sat on a tuft of heath, with the face that had haunted his dreams pillowed on his knee. Slowly the long lashes lifted, the dark eyes raised to his in wistful wonder.

"Is this Heaven?" she murmured, recognizing the face of her "dead lover," as in a dream.

"Heaven upon earth," he answered, hoarsely, as he stooped to kiss her lips; "where the parted meet never to part again."

* * * * * *

And so, after many years, the lovers met; and she, who had waited for him till woman's patience was utterly worn out, found blighted hope changed into the joy of fruition.

The mace of the House of Representatives consists of a bundle of 13 ebony rods entwined and bound together with silver bands. The 13 ebony sticks represent the 13 original States of the Union. They are surmounted by a globe of silver, upon which the hemispheres are traced, while a silver eagle, with outstretched wings, is perched upon the summit of the globe. It was made in 1884, and weighs 20 pounds.

It is undisputed that woman's most beautiful ornament is her hair, but few realize how beautiful and wonderful. A good head of hair will measure from forty to fifty miles. A blonde may have 140,000 filaments to comb and brush, a brunette 100,000, while red musters only 88,000. A single brown or black hair can suspend a weight of four ounces without breaking, but a golden filament only two and a half.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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"THE RUSSIAN WEDDING FEAST."

CONSTANTINE MAKOFFSKY stands at the head of art in Russia, and his great painting "The Wedding Feast," was awarded the highest prize at the International Exposition 1883, and is one of the celebrated pictures of the century. The artist has selected for his subject the bride's first appearance in society. The husband and wife are represented standing at the head of the table, and the guests and friends are merrily welcoming the young couple to the feast. The cups are raised to drink her health and happiness when the bridegroom shall have taken his first kiss. With drooping eyes and face covered with blushes, the bride, conscious that every eye rests upon her, is a picture of innocence and loveliness. Her guardian is by her side, filled with love and admiration as she unveils the bride. All the assembly manifest the utmost pleasure and interest in the event.

This is a picture which will appeal especially to those who prefer the portrayal of domestic joys rather than the splendor of war or the suffering of religious faith. It is a glimpse of real life into which the poetry of love enters deeply.

The Picture we offer, size of which is 21x28 inches, printed on the thickest canvas paper, is an exact fac-simile of the original, in magnificence of coloring as well as in all other respects. "The Russian Wedding Feast" was exhibited in Antwerp in 1884, and soon after purchased for $40,000, and brought to this country.

THIS PICTURE IN BEAUTIFUL COLORS HAS THE APPEARANCE OF AN OIL PAINTING, AND IS THE HANDSOMEST EVER GIVEN AS A PREMIUM, AND WE OFFER IT FREE OF CHARGE TO EVERY OLD AND NEW SUBSCRIBER WHO SENDS US $2.00 FOR ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MOCK MARRIAGES.

A fascinating glamor attaches to the thought of being married. If it is not the sole aim of every girl's existence, there are few indeed who do not regard it as a very proper condition to aspire to. And so long as the tendency of the influences brought to bear upon young maidens is to encourage matrimonial ambition, so long will they be ready to listen with too willing ears to the false vows of false lovers; and trustful woman, her reason obscured by the appeal to her affections, will still fall a prey to the contriver of the mock marriage, and instead of wondering, like "Leone," if she ought to be married in two churches, will be content to be married in none. How otherwise can the following narrative, which was told in evidence before one of her Majesty's judges, be explained?

A young man pleaded guilty to various offences, among them that of uttering a forged certificate of marriage. Having gained the affections of a young lady in the country, he persuaded her to come to London to be married to him. At three o'clock the pair went to a place, which the would-be bride was told was Doctor's Commons, for the purpose of being married. After making inquiries the bridegroom said the licence had not come, and they would have to call again. They went to a private house; the man went out, and on his return said that the licence had arrived, and that they might be married.

The young lady believed her lover to be a clergyman; and though not ordained he had succeeded in imposing upon more than one vicar, for whom he had acted as curate. He now told his intended bride that, being a clergyman, he could perform the ceremony between them there and then.

He produced a book in which she signed her name at his direction; he next opened a Prayer Book, and read the portion beginning "I, . . . , take thee, . . . , to be my wedded wife," and she repeated the words with the necessary variations.

Using the words, "With this ring I thee wed," etc., he placed a ring upon the finger of his victim. The next day the young lady who had come to London with the consent of her parents to be married, returned to her home in the country, and had no suspicion that she was not the prisoner's legal wife, until the finding of the forged marriage certificate, during the investigation into his other delinquencies, revealed the occurrence of the mock ceremony, when she was soon disillusioned.

Another case, illustrative of the trustful credulity of woman, was brought to light at one of the West Riding police courts not more than two years ago. In the course of the case the woman said that she had gone through the ceremony of marriage with the defendant at a village public-house. A number of friends assembled at the inn for the purposes of the ceremony; a man read all through the Church of England service, and a ring was put upon her finger. She believed herself to be the defendant's lawful wife; and she did not go to church to be married because she was told it would do just as well to be married at the inn.

They Let Her In.—Many years ago, before the time of railways, the Oxford coach was full of undergraduates returning to their respective colleges. The day was cold, wet, and miserable, when a well-appointed carriage drove up to the "White Horse Cellar," Piccadilly.

"Have you room for one inside to Oxford?" asked as pretty a girl as one would wish to see on a summer day.

"What a beauty!" exclaimed one. "Quite lovely!" said another. "Perfect!" lisped a third.

"Quite full, miss," replied the coachman, "inside and out."

"Surely you could make room for one," persevered the fair applicant.

"Quite impossible, miss, without the gentlemen's consent."

"Lots of room!" cried the insides. "We are not very large; we can manage to take one more."

"If the young gentlemen consent," said the driver, who was one of the best-tempered fellows on earth, and as honest as Aristides, "I have no objection."

"We agree," said the insiders.

"All right," responded the driver.

The fare was paid, and the guard proceeded to open the door and let down the steps.

"Now, miss, if you please—we are behind our time."

"Come along, grandfather," cried the damsel, addressing a most respectable-looking, portly elderly gentleman; "the money is paid—get in, and be sure you thank the young gentlemen," at the same time suiting the action to the word, and with a wicked smile assisting her respected grandfather into the coach.

"Here's some mistake; you'll squeeze us to death!" cried the astonished undergraduates. But at that moment "All right," "Sit fast," was heard, and away rattled the coach at its best pace, drowning the voices of the crest-fallen Oxonians.

By a Woman's Wit.—A woman's quick wit makes her, when she has the courage to act upon it, a valuable aid in an emergency. Some years ago, in the days when highwaymen, or "road agents" as they were termed, abounded in the western portions of America, a woman was travelling by coach to join her husband.

One day a passenger said to her, "I have one thousand dollars in my pocket-book, and feel uneasy about the road agents. Would you mind concealing it in your dress and returning it to me at the end of your journey? If the highwaymen do stop us, they will be less likely to search you than me."

She acceded to his request, hid the money in her dress and the stage drove on without meeting a road agent until towards evening.

Then the shout, "Throw up your hands!" was heard.

The driver promptly pulled up, as four men on horseback, with masked faces, appeared in the road and covered him with their pistols. Two of the highwaymen then rode up, one going to each side of the coach and ordered the passengers to give up their arm, which they did promptly.

"Now shell out!" said the robbers.

The passengers handed out their pocket-books—even the man who asked the woman's aid gave up a few dollars. He was congratulating himself upon his caution, when he heard the woman say in a quiet way, "I have a thousand dollas; but I suppose I must give it up."

Suiting the action to the word, she handed over the man's roll of greenbacks.

The robbers rode away, and then the man gave expression to his feelings by abusing the lady and accusing her of betraying his trust from sheer fright.

She smiled mysteriously.

"You will see sir, but I can't explain now."

At the end of the journey she asked him to stay all night at her house, and said that her husband would be glad to see him.

"Yes, ma'am, I will come to your house," he answered in the tone of an injured man: "it's the least you can do, ma'am seeing that you have left me without a cent in the world."

At the lady's house he was treated as a distinguished guest, but neither host nor hostess offered him one word of explanation that night, and he went to bed a sad, irritated man.

The next morning, as he entered the dining-room, the host shook hands with him and said,

"Here are your thousand dollars, sir, which my wife ventured to borrow in an emergency. She had twenty thousand dollars, which she was bringing to me, concealed in her dress. She thought by giving up at once the thousand dollars intrusted to her by you she would save herself from being searched by the robbers. Her quick wit saved me from a heavy loss, and I am much obliged to you for the use of the forced loan."

Breakfast was a far more cheerful meal to the man than the supper of the night before; and he went on his way with a lightsome heart.

Plain Girls' Tact.—A lady who had seen much of the world was asked on one occasion why plain girls often married sooner than handsome ones: to which she replied that it was owing mainly to the tact of the plain girls and the vanity and want of tact on the part of men.

"How do you make that out?" asked a gentleman.

"In this way," answered the lady. "The plain girls flatter the men and so please their vanity, while the handsome ones wait to be flattered by the men, who haven't the tact to do it."

Move and Countermove.—A certain rejuvenated widow said to her daughter recently that when she (the daughter) arrived at her mother's age it would be time to think of marriage.

"Yes," replied the girl, "marriage for the second time."

Piqued by this reply, the good lady "cut out" her daughter in the good graces of her lover, and married him herself. To obtain revenge for this unmotherly trick, the daughter married her recreant lover's rich father.

"When I die let me be buried within the sound of the hammer, the clang of the workshop, the hum of the mill," says the candidate in his speech. And then he goes home and seats himself in his rocking-chair, while his wife carries the coal out of the cellar to get supper with.

In Kansas a man who murders his wife and is sent to the penitentiary may claim half of any property of which she may die seized, provided he is released from prison within 20 years from the commission of the crime.

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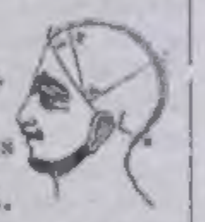

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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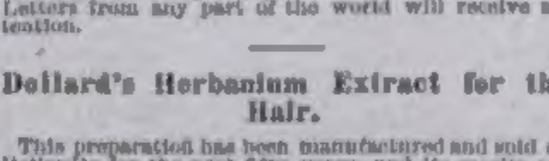

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Humorous.

A BACHELOR'S MISGIVINGS.

I have thought of getting married
When I've seen thee, Mary Jane,
With thy dainty silks and satins,
With thy crinoline and train;
But a whisper came across me,
Like a sign with omen rife,
"Ah, 'tis very well to marry,
But oh, canst thou keep a wife?"

If the last new bonnet suits thee,
Canst thou wear it still the same,
Though a newer pattern tempt thee,
Lately handed down to fame?
Will a dress or two content thee
When stern fashion orders more;
And a solitary head-dress do
Instead of half a score?

But they tell me I am raving,
To expect so strange a thing,
And they laugh to scorn my musings,
And the hopes to which I cling;
So I fear I must resign thee,
And a bachelor remain,
Yet I never can forget thee,
Oh, too costly Mary Jane!

—F. P. A.

Unfortunate.

Atkins: "Why, hello, Schaff! What's got onter yer whiskers; where's dey all gone on one side?"

Schaff: "Ah, bad luck. Dey was a goat in de stable where I slep' las' night."

It doesn't follow that a man approves of a cyclone even if he is completely carried away with it.

He: "Do you think it possible for a man to love two women?" She: "Not if either of them should find it out."

A man once asked for half-price admission to a show, the reason that he gave being that he had but one eye.

She, dreamily: "Just think of it—we are to be married a month from to-day!" He: "Well, let's be happy while we can."

New acquaintance: "Do you go into society much in Newport?" Newport man: "Well, I should say so. I'm a deputy sheriff."

An editor, who was given $10 and 10 days to leave town, says this is another proof that there is money in the newspaper business.

"Don't you know better than to put your arm around a lady's waist!" she cried, indignantly. "I know few things better," he replied.

Brobson: "I now understand why so many people say heaven is their home." Crabb: "Well, why?" "Because it's the last place they intend going to."

"You can't claim," said the man who doesn't care for the rod and line, "that fishing affords exercise." "Oh, yes it does," was the reply; "for the imagination."

"Why, Tommy Jones, shame on you! You didn't say all your prayer." "Papa said I might leave out about our daily bread while mamma went to cooking-school."

A French provincial play-bill, in setting forth the particulars of a new drama, announces that "the roles of thieves will be played by amateurs of the town."

Miss Gadder: "Have you seen Mrs. Hemphill since her husband eloped with the cook?" Mrs. De Gush: "Yes; she doesn't care. She was going to give the cook notice, anyway."

Prospective housemaid: "The house and the wages suits me well enough. Now, will yes please let me see yer husband's portmanty, so I kin see what kind of a lookin' man he is?"

Dancing master: "I want to look at some nice shoes for dancing." Shoe man: "Yes, sir; here you are, a nice pair of kangaroo skin shoes—and you know, sir, for hops the kangaroo can't be beaten."

"No, Mabel, you're wrong; I never was refused in all my life." "Oh, Tom, how can you say so? Why, there was Louie Simpson!" "I tell you again you're wrong. It's true I was 'declined with thanks' once, but I never was refused."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

When we say New York fashions we mean those made and designed there, not always imported, but yet sometimes, and in all cases worn by New York or Philadelphia women wherever they may happen to go. Just now there is a lull, but I find still enough that is new to furnish material for several letters a day, to say nothing of only one epistle a week.

The latest really pretty thing is a tennis gown. This gown is made of dark blue serge, laid in kilts from waist to bottom. There is a gold embroidered girdle, and cuffs of the same to the bishop sleeves. A round lace collar adds a dainty touch to the neck, and with the suit she wears pearl undressed kid gloves and a white flannel sailor cap with gold cord and buttons. The waist is plain French, buttoned down the left side with flat gold buttons. This gown may also do duty on a yacht, as it is equally well adapted for it, or as a gown for general wear for out door. There is one quality of serge that is as light and almost as cool as a cotton dress, and pretty as are the cotton fabrics they are not suited, as this is, to active movements. If they are starched they are not graceful; if not they are too soft and clinging and impede the movements of the wearer.

TENNIS GOWN OF BLUE SERGE.

A gown for grand occasions was made of pearl white crape rayee, over a slip of glace silk, also white. The corsage was pointed and had a ruffled Bertha of the same with puffed sleeves. The skirt was simply hemmed, and a little rosette of plush-pink ribbon with two long ends were fastened at the left side of the bottom of the waist for trimming. Nothing could be daintier or more girlish.

Many persons seems to think that the daughters of rich men always wear "satin gowns for breakfast and velvet ones for tea," but it is not so now. The wealthier the girl is the more she studies simplicity in her toilets, and the "style" is apparent only in the perfection of the finish. I could mention twenty "millionaires'" daughters whose frocks are washed and ironed a dozen times in a season, just as yours, my dear, or mine might be. There are times for everything, the wise man said, and the young girls of our generation seem to have taken a leaf out of his book, and they adapt their dressing to the occasion.

In spite of everything said about the extravagance of the fashionable young girls of to-day, I know from various sources that they do not spend one-third as much money on their personal adornment as they did ten years ago. Young ladies very rarely wear any jewelry, or if they do it is only such as is absolutely necessary to fasten collars or something. Jewels for the sake of show are not worn by the leaders of styles, and it is no longer fashionable to have such an array of gowns as used to be considered necessary. One tailor gown, one serge or flannel outing dress, one pretty tea gown, say two evening dresses, one of black lace and surah, and three or four cotton gowns are about all that the average young lady cares to be burdened with in these enlightened days. And better care is taken of these dresses than ever before.

They are nice, and being kept in order carefully they last a long time, and as one young lady who could have a new dress every hour if she had wanted it told me, "The longer I have a dress the better I like it, and I always feel like losing an old friend when a favorite gown gives out." A pretty lace Russian blouse is worn over a black pongee skirt, and this has a lace flounce. The sleeves are particularly pretty. The blouse is cut in one piece like a Mother Hubbard and simply belted in.

Every woman who has a gold bead necklace will regret to learn that these pretty ornaments are going out of style. In their place are to be worn a chain necklace fastened closely about the neck. Those just received by the jewelers are closely woven, and flat and rather thick. A bangle or some other pendant may be fastened on just in front.

If you elect to wear a veil with your wide hat do not try to adjust it outside the brim every time you put it on. Full the edge of the veil slightly on a thread, and pin or tack it invisibly just under the brim of the hat. The veil will then drape loosely and becomingly under the chin, and will not bother by slipping down.

Rumor comes from afar that trains will gradually, but surely, disappear. In the centres of fashion trailing skirts are no longer worn on the streets by women of good taste, and even some evening dresses quite clear the ground.

The wide brimmed sailor hats are brimmed either with low bow at the side, with horizontal loops toward the front and back, or else with a huge mill wheel bow with one or two quills stuck through where it is tied.

A charming dress for a little girl of 5 years was of light polka dotted challie, with full skirt, low neck, gathered waist and short puffed sleeves. It was worn with the thinnest of muslin guimpe.

A picturesque hat for a garden party was of rice straw in shepherdess shape, with forget-me-nots around the crown, and long ribbon ends at the back.

The popularity of white lace for dress trimming is on the wane. Black lace is the favorite just now and is used lavishly with all colors.

A new soap rack is a standard with graceful narrow-chased bands in a sort of Greek fret design in which an oval cake of soap is held.

Ice pitchers have frosted surfaces with repousse bands. The shapes are cylindrical. Spiral flukes make another variety.

The coffee spoons have two silver grape leaves for the handle with the tapering bunch of grapes in silver gilt.

Silver bowls for flowers have irregular edges and are lighter on one side than the other, like broken eggshells.

Silver jardinieres for the table are of pierced work, or are delicately ornamented with garlands in relief.

A bronze galleon with sails spread and a man at the helm has a chronometer set in the centre of the sail.

The newest style of scarf is long and wide, and is made of polka dotted silk of sheerest quality.

Chamber clocks in silver, copying the popular round Waterbury clocks, are made.

Incised ornament has become cheap and commonplace.

The tiny medicine cups have a decided vogue.

Lovely perforated silver racks are for postal cards; they have two small perforated receptacles at the sides for two denominations of postage stamps.

Ice-cream servers and spoons have a leaf-shaped bowl crumpled on one side and slightly curved; the other is knife-edged. The bowls are in silver gilt, the handle silver.

A tennis racquet with bells on the sides and an ivory handle is a baby rattle. Another amusing rattle is a negro boy in dark oxidized metal with a silver bell in each hand mounted on an ivory handle.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF MATTERS.

There is a plentiful choice in embroidery. The Nagasaki, worked in tussore with filoselle on gold thread, is not new, but has much extended its original application, and serves for mantel borders, tablecloths, cushions, brackets, and other uses. Outlining in gold thread has been applied also to Mountmellick work, and is a great addition, and also to another new kind, viz., diagonal bands of flowers on cloth, wrought in the white or colored linen thread, which are extremely effective.

A sampler of new stitches has been brought from Paris, and applied to the centres for tables. They are of an easy class of embroidery, taking the form of minute flowers and scrolls of the nature of feather-stitch.

Spider-web embroidery is another novelty, the foundation cloth or felt, with gold spider webs in one corner, the rest of the design formed with the flowers, cut out, and satin of the natural color placed beneath, and then embroidered; a very little work is needed, and the satin has all the brilliancy of lustra painting. Virginia climbers and other designs are worked on foundations in relief.

A nightgown case had flowers and leaves worked in applique on Indian-red, each bordered with thick silk threads, caught down with corresponding colors at intervals. A new tea cosy in green plush showed a clock face embroidered above a large T, the hands pointing to five o'clock.

Some trifles suitable for gifts are the Souvenir writing case in red leatherette, shaped like a half-closed fan, and opening at the side. A red velvet-covered wooden rolling pin, attached to ribbon, for hanging up, with hooks for keys; and tambourines in many guises—some, as boxes, which might be painted on, and would hold sweets; others, covered with velvet or plush, adorned with ribbons and plush pompons, having scissors, &c., inside, make good workcases; and there are lozenge-shaped wall pockets in plush surrounded by ball fringe.

A new penwiper, fashioned as a large heartsease, has the upper petals in painted velvet; and elegant little white wood brackets in fretwork are ready for staining or painting.

The newest notions in mantel borders are strips of plush for embroidery, supplied with horizontal drawing strings across the depth at intervals, so that they can be festooned, and one end allowed to droop.

Vitromanie has been applied to magic-lantern slides, and subjects such as Robinson Crusoe, Cinderella, the Jackdaw of Rheims, can be had, which simply require to be covered with glucine, then applied to the glass with water, when the paper peels off, and the glass is ready. This is far simpler than painting the slides.

In these days of putting up jellies it should be recalled that cotton batting is more often used by experienced housekeepers to cover the glasses than paste or papers dipped in liquor.

A shabby pair of shoes will mar the effect of the prettiest, neatest toilet that ever was designed, and a nice-fitting, well-kept pair of boots or low shoes, with good gloves and a becoming bonnet, will carry almost any kind of a suit.

To fill jars with hot fruit without warming them, place the jar in a bowl of cold water and pour it into one cup of the boiling fruit. This will heat the jar without breaking it, and it must be taken out of the water to finish filling it. Care must be taken not to fill the hot fruit higher than the water on the outside of the jar before removing it, or it will be sure to break. This will answer for filling jelly glasses also.

The midday rest, if for no longer than half an hour, should be a part of the daily regime of every hard-working housekeeper. If she can so manage that she can get such a rest, she will feel like rising early in the morning, when she can do extra work in the cool hours of the day, and the otherwise long tour of duty of the day will be comfortably broken. A great many women toil on hour after hour without realizing till they lie down to rest at night how tired they are. They have been keeping up on their nerve force rather than on their strength—a most dangerous thing to do.

Chocolate Cake.—Take two cups sugar, four eggs, one cup milk, two of flour, one teaspoonful baking powder and the same of extract. Bake in jelly pans. Beat the white of three eggs with a cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate and teaspoonful of extract; mix smooth and spread between the layers of cake and on top.

Woodlawn Cake.—Two and a half cups of butter, one of sweet milk, four of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder and six eggs; divide in three parts, two of which bake in deep jelly pans. To the remaining third add one cup of seed raisins, one cup of currants and one of chopped citron. Bake in jelly pans; spread with currant jelly and put together.

SOMETHING LIKE A HOUSE-CLOCK.—A Providence, R. I., man, has a remarkable clock. It is at least two hundred years old, but, since becoming his property, has developed new powers. Occupying a position in the front hall of the house, it regulates the entire household. The front door, as it is opened and shut during the day, performs the work of winding. Within the dial is an ingenious mechanism by which the light in the front hall is turned up as darkness comes on, and again is lowered at the orthodox bed-time. At dawn, when it is time for the servants to bestir themselves, the clock rings a bell in the back hall summoning them to work. An hour later in the front hall warns the family that it is time to rise, and half an hour still later the peal of this bell summons them to breakfast. Besides these arrangements, the clock is connected with another in his sleeping-room, whereby the two are struck simultaneously. All these ingenious combinations, in which of course the aid of electricity is invoked, are the invention of the man himself.